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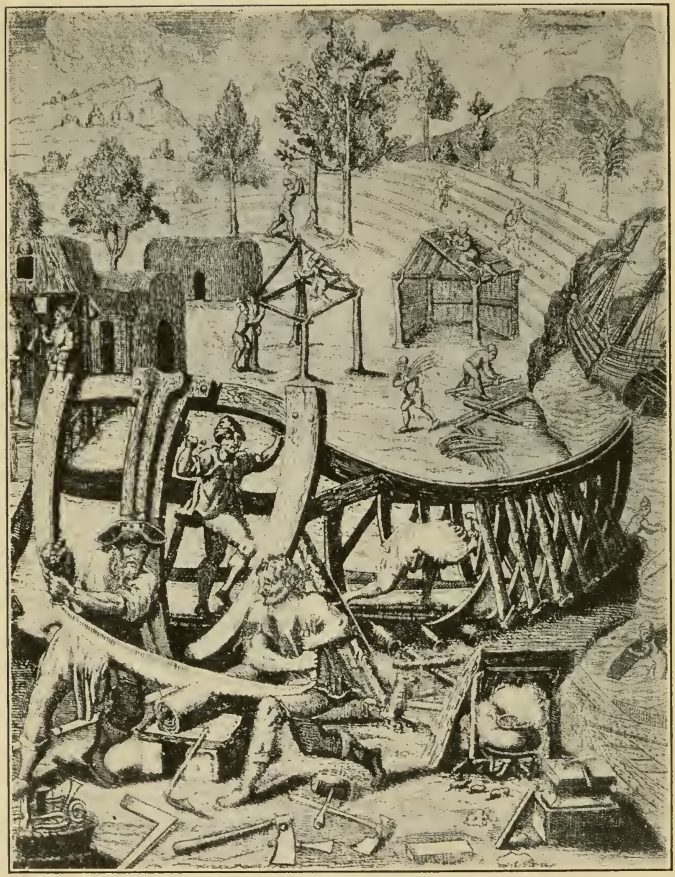

BUILDING A CARAVEL

THE TREASURE FINDERS

OR

How the Adventurers of Four Countries Sought a New Land

BY

OLIVER CLAY

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INTRODUCTION

THE men who found America—who sailed the unknown seas, traversed mysterious forests, and came upon mighty rivers which flowed they knew not whither, were heroes of daring. Their lives were full of excitement, and the adventures which befell them—the dangers they faced, the mutinies and plots they quelled, the strange sights they saw—form stirring chapters in the history of our country.

The following stories deal with the romances of discovery and exploration. As a noted historian has said, no boy who has made friends with Robinson Crusoe, will fail to be at home with Champlain and Drake; no girl at all familiar with the heroines of the past, will forget the picturesqueness of Queen Isabella.

The spirit of piracy was found aboard the small boats which put out from Spain, England, France, and Holland. How tiny and how insecure these crafts were will be remembered by many who saw the caravel which was brought over from Spain by our armored cruiser for the Chicago World's Fair in 1893, and the model of the *Half-Moon* which

was stored away on one of our modern ocean liners, and sent by the Dutch to participate in the Hudson-Fulton celebration in 1909.

The only real way to understand history is to know the men who made history. A date only tells when a thing was done; it does not tell how or why it was done. A date only tells when a man lived; it does not make us see the man as he actually was. 1492 is a year we all remember, but the picture of Columbus pacing the deck alone, looking into the darkness of night for some sign of land, thinking every star a signal from an unknown shore—such a picture is more interesting than the date.

History is not a dry study; it is full of action, and this action is what makes a story.

THE
TREASURE FINDERS

THE TREASURE FINDERS

CHAPTER I

THE SEA ROVERS

WHEN the world was very young, and our America an undiscovered country, the sun shone upon a virgin land of surpassing beauty, though none beyond the seas which girdled it knew of its existence. On either side an "ocean old, centuries old" lapped about its untrod shores. In the heart of it were lakes and rivers, dense forests and high mountains. Parts of it were warm and balmy,— the land where the palm trees grew, where the palmettoes spread their shade, and brilliant flowers and gorgeous-hued birds lived and flourished in the tropical sun. Parts showed majestic trees and plants of hardier growth, and seasons that came and went like our own. Winds sighed through the forests, and the waters of the lakes and rivers and woodland streams rippled in ceaseless flow. Sometimes wild beasts came down to the water's edge to drink, sometimes a red-skinned savage — his bow

and arrows at his back — stole down too, another wild animal in search of prey. But for the most part reigned the silence of undisturbed peace.

The mountains towered in the blue distance,— some low and undulating, covered with green in Summer and red and yellow Autumn tints, and bare gaunt trees in Winter; others with lofty snow-capped peaks, standing clear-cut against the sky line. All great and mysterious, hugging their mighty secrets in a thousand clefts and ravines and abysses, burying stores as priceless as gold and silver beneath the weight of giant rock!

Beyond, in the far North where the rocks grew larger and the trees smaller, the angry waters lashed themselves into a fury at the foot of grim plateaus. "A stern and rock-bound" jagged coast-line jutted out into the sea, which roared and pitched its waves mountain high, building icebergs with every toss of its crested head. The heart of this country was frozen. Winter lived here in a crystal palace all the year round. True, for several months the sun shone with a brilliance which caused the snow and ice to sparkle with prism rays. But things which slept deep down in the frozen ground had never a chance to waken into life, so fond was the Frost King of his palace and his ice diamonds and his glittering snow, his polar bears, his seals, his sables, and the other furred things which were found in this bleak land.

There was rude living in this vast undiscovered country, for the savage tribes were little better than the animals they hunted,— wild, untamed creatures of the woods and glades and mountains, living on fruits and nuts. Then presently from between untutored lips came forth speech, very queer guttural sounds, but they passed from one to the other and were understood. Then came the hunger for something more than fruits and nuts. They boiled their food by putting it into holes in the ground; these holes were lined with skins, and the food was cooked upon heated stones or by putting it into baskets lined with clay and hung over a fire. For they soon discovered that clay was hardened by heat, and liquid food was safe cooked in that fashion. Then some one smarter than his mates discovered that the clay would do perfectly well without the basket, and thus began the invention of pottery.

After these savages had learned how to catch fish and to use fire, some master mind among them thought of the bow and arrow. With this they discovered they could fight and shoot wild animals, increasing their food supply, making them stronger and hardier. Then, searching among the animals of the forests, they found that the wolves, though savage like themselves, had the desire for companionship; they were also keen hunters, and so the tribes caught many of them, and tamed them and trained them to live in the houses with their women and

children, to lie before their rude fire-pits, and to lick the hands which gave them food or which stroked their rough coats, and to watch at night and to keep at bay their wild brethren of the woods.

Thus we find the dog in America, before the royal families of dogdom came over with the discoverers. Little by little these savages took to building with more skill and with eye to comfort, the dwellings where they passed the rainy season and their hours of rest. They planted maize or Indian corn which grew so easily and needed so little care; also beans, squashes and pumpkins were added to their bill of fare, and by the time America was ready to be discovered, these simple, childlike folk had awakened from a purely savage state. They were learning the uses of the things around them, had fashioned rude implements of agriculture and war, and were living among themselves in some sort of law and order.

But up in the far North where the rocks rose sheer and desolate upon the bleak coast, the savage was still a wild creature. His food was coarser, his body — exposed to biting winds and ice and snow — was of tougher fibre. He was clothed in fur, and he looked like the shaggy animals who dwelt there. Yet it was the dreary North country which was first to hear sounds from afar.

Across frozen seas lay a world which was centuries old, no older in reality than the world which

we call new; old only in the sense that civilisation had long abided there. In Europe there were nations many and great, dominions of vast extent and power. There were men of might, of wisdom and of learning; priests, warriors, kings and queens, scholars and sages, and a host of lesser folk who peopled the great cities and cultivated the soil, and who went forth to fight and die for their country, or to conquer and wrest possessions from the enemy.

Norway was but a small part of this restless, crowded continent. Way up in the North it lay between two seas which did much to separate it from the mainland. For if we pause a moment and conjure up the map of Europe in our minds, we will remember that Norway and Sweden (it was all Norway in the earlier ages) formed a peninsular touching land only in the extreme northern part of Russia.

A cold, bleak country is Norway, with its fjords and lakes, its gloomy mountains capped with ice even in Summer-time when the days were longer and the skies bluer. Summer-time in Norway lasts but a short while, yet it is a glorious time, when night and morning meet half-way in the clear sky, and the sun shines brilliantly at midnight — such a sight!

The fjords and the mountains were fitting scenery for the hardy race of men who flourished there.

Strong, powerful, bearded giants they were, living a wild, poetic life; hunting, fishing, warring with each other and serving heathen gods — as wild as the mountains, the fjords, the crags and cliffs of Norway. Surrounded by the sea, these sturdy people set themselves the task of building ships to ride upon the waters in search of adventure. They had no knowledge of sea-craft, but they built their vessels of strong frame, and trusting themselves to Odin, the greatest of all their gods, they set forth on many enterprises.

The sea was their playground all winter long. Nine months out of the twelve they were snow-bound and ice-bound, sitting in their great pillared halls around a fire which leaped and glowed as the flames wrapped about the huge logs which fed it, and making plans against the day when the ice should melt and give them liberty to go forth in their ships.

They lived a simple, stately life — these hardy Norsemen — worshipping their gods with strange ceremonies suited to the wildness of the regions which they were supposed to inhabit, and singing of their prowess in long poems written by their skalds or bards, poems which we may read to-day translated from the Norse collection known as the *Edda*. But most of all they loved the legends which told them of the coming of Spring. The story runs that two lovers declared their passion to each other one stormy night in a lonely hut on the mountain-side.

They had no fear, for they were descended from the gods and enjoyed their protection, and though trackless wastes of snow lay about them, love was warm in their hearts and rushed to their lips in one fervent kiss. It was as a sign; the doors of the snow-bound hut were opened wide, and without — the snow had disappeared, the hills were green with grass and gay with flowers, the sky was bright and blue, birds were singing, and everywhere was the murmur of running streams as the icy fetters melted in the sun's rays.

The goddess Freya had wrought this change at the first kiss of the lovers she watched over. Winter had vanished from the land; the Spring had come!

Centuries of such springs had summoned generations of Norsemen to go forth in search of adventure. They were heathens still, though Christianity had knocked and gained admittance into most of the European countries. They served their stern gods while they lived, and when it came time to die they sailed away on their ships with their dogs and steeds and much treasure, on their journey to Valhalla — the great hall of Odin — where all brave men and warriors killed in battle were supposed to live after death. When the ship stood well out at sea the torch was set to it, and in clouds of smoke and bursts of flame the departing spirit took its flight to the hall of the blest.

Somewhere about the year 872, King Harold Fairhair of Norway subdued the Jarls or princes who were sowing discontent in the country. He overcame them in a great naval battle, after a war which had lasted twelve years. These proud princes became his vassals, but it galled them to serve where they had once commanded, so with their Viking followers they went aboard their dragon-prowed ships and, invoking the blessing of the storm-god, sailed away to other lands. England, Gaul (which was the name of ancient France), Ireland, Scotland, the Orkney Islands, the Hebrides, even the countries bordering upon the Mediterranean Sea,— in short, wherever there were waters upon which to ride their ships — saw the coming of these powerful men of the North.

But the best blood among them drifted to Iceland, that noble island surrounded by Northern waters where these sea-roving princes could enjoy their favourite sport, and it was not long before Iceland became a flourishing colony numbering at least fifty thousand souls. Here they raised sheep and cattle, and carried on a brisk trade in oil, butter, skins and wool, with Norway, Denmark, and the British Islands. The new colony soon became a centre of wealth and culture, for the Vikings of Iceland turned the legends of the new country into poems and histories which we know to-day as the *Icelandic Sagas,* and which contain a complete

chronicle of the many adventures of these famous sea rovers who visited the coast of North America long before Columbus planned his voyage.

These Vikings, of whom we hear and read so much, were for the most part descended from royal blood, but the name *Viking* was not bestowed upon them as a royal title; its real meaning is "son of the fjord," and whatever of majesty it carried with it lay in the stalwart giant frames of the men who bore the title. We can picture them now with their fair hair flowing over their broad shoulders, their ruddy weather-beaten faces, and their bright blue eyes — blue as the shadows of the snow in the country whence they sprung. We can see them in their ships, built always in the shape of some fabulous animal, going forth, they knew not where,— in quest of adventure, they knew not what.

In the Eddas and Sagas these ships have been so vividly described, that we may have some idea of how they built them in those early days. Navigators had not yet learned to depend entirely upon sails in propelling a ship, though when the wind was fair they raised a sturdy pole upon which they hung one or more sails. The old galley was still used, with benches below to hold the oarsmen. They were stronger, swifter, and more seaworthy than the Spanish sailing vessels which carried Columbus. They were called by figurative, poetic names, chiefly suggesting speed, such as *Deer of the*

Surf, Reindeer of the Breezes, Raven of the Sea, Gull of the Fjord, Snake of the Sea, Horse of the Gull's Track, and hundreds of others equally appropriate.

The war ships were many and of various shapes. There was the *Dreki* or *Dragon,* the finest and largest vessel of the North, so named because the prow was ornamented with the head and the stern with the tail of one or more dragons. Indeed, the Northmen cunningly contrived to paint and ornament their ships to represent the animals for which they were named. The *Dragon* was a long, low ship, with room in its interior to hold from twenty to twenty-five rowers' benches, each bench accommodating two rowers; the oars, moving evenly through the slits made to hold them, represented the legs of the fabulous creature; the warriors' shields, hung over the sides, looked like the scales of the monster; and the sails, striped with red and blue, afar off resembled his wings.

There were other ships: the *Skeid* — noted for its swiftness; the *Snekky* — a smaller ship; the *Skuta* — smaller still, and many others of which there is mention in the chronicles. The rudder was always on the right side (starboard); the helmsman was generally the commander of the ship, and his place was often below the rudder-head, especially when in battle he wished to protect himself from flying missiles, as the aim of the enemy was always

to disable the commander. Whoever organised an expedition for any purpose took the helm, thereby assuming command.

In the year 876, just two years after settling in Iceland, a certain Gnunbjorn, in search of adventure, was driven out of his course to the coast of Greenland, where he and his crew were forced to spend the Winter, as the ship was locked in ice. When the Spring set them free they went back to Iceland with wonderful tales of the land they had found, and over a century passed before any more discoveries were made by the Vikings.

In 983, Erik the Red, so called because of his red hair, killed a man in a brawl and was banished from Iceland. With a few followers he took ship, determined to find the country Gnunbjorn had described; and being a fine old heathen, with little or no regret for the deed he had done, he thought only of a suitable place in which to make a new home. They spent three years in exploring the coast of Greenland, and at length found a spot at the head of Igaliko Fjord. It was a deep fjord, but they managed to penetrate it and found this refuge hidden by miles of craggy ice-covered headlands — a pleasant surprise considering the grim surroundings. And Erik named it Greenland, wisely observing it was well to have a pleasant name in order to induce people to come there. This name, which he gave to one little corner, has since become the name of

the entire continent, without rhyme or reason, for there is little of green in that desolate country of leaden skies and rocks and icebergs.

At any rate, Erik was so well pleased with this expedition that he decided to venture back to Iceland for the purpose of persuading settlers to follow him thence to Greenland. He succeeded in bringing twenty-five ships full of people, and a marvellous array of *Dragons, Snakes, Reindeer, Gulls,* and other strange animals rode forth upon the sea. He had with him many of the best folk in Iceland, including his three fine sons Leif, Thorvald and Thorstein Eriksson — the last name meaning "a son of Erik."

It was a noble company which set forth, but bad weather and cruel icebergs destroyed eleven ships with all aboard. The remaining fourteen after many adventures at last reached Igaliko Fjord with about five hundred survivors of this direful voyage. But Erik was undaunted; he and his men set about building houses at a place called Brattahlid. And here Erik, the stormy, adventurous old chieftain, settled down as an honoured patriarch, to watch his sons grow up around him. He also had a daughter, a half-sister of the young princes, called Freydis, but she was a dark blot upon their home,— a very wicked woman who, with all the Viking blood in her veins, had yet the cruelty of a tiger.

Most of the settlers had brought their families,

but they all looked to Erik the Red as the commander of the expedition and the head of the colony, and as his beard grew grey and his long locks silvered he ruled them wisely and well.

Erik's home was built of red sand-stone, substantially, after the Iceland fashion. The great hall, the central feature of the house, was girded with heavy wooden beams from which hung skins of wild animals captured in the chase; there were trophies of the war upon the walls. The huge fireplace with its inglenook was where the family usually gathered, and it was rarely indeed without the brilliance of the glowing logs. Beyond was the table where they feasted, the vacant chair for the unexpected guest, the high seat for the master of the house, and lower benches for the rest of the family. The hall was curtained in many places, and behind these curtains were the sleeping apartments. The heavy front-door with its large clumsy latch had a little inner porch, for the Iceland folk put all their ornaments on the inside of their homes; and the guest, as he entered, stood framed like a portrait in the doorway.

One night there was a knock on Erik's door in Brattahlid; the heavy latch was lifted, and a handsome young Viking stepped into the hall.

"I come from where my father dwells," he said in his simple way, bowing low before Earl Erik, who sat in the inglenook.

"Who is thy father — and where dwells he?" asked the Red Earl.

"My father's name is Herjulf. I am his son, Bjarni Herjulfsson. I was always fond of adventure and took early to the sea. In the Winter season I rested when I could with my father; but behold, when last I went to Iceland, lo! my father had sailed away to Greenland."

"Ay!" said Erik the Red, "even with me came the noble Herjulf."

Bjarni went on to tell the old Earl about his adventures that Summer in quest of his father,— how he and his followers rashly took ship for the Greenland sea though they knew not in which direction it lay. These simple mariners depended upon the sun to guide their course, and when the winds blew and the fog fell like a thick veil they could not tell where they were drifting. But when the sun pierced the mists at last, they saw before them land level and well-wooded, with here and there a green hill, whereat Bjarni was much puzzled. For people had told him that Greenland was a land of ice mountains and frowning crags, not this sunny woodland country,— this was surely not the land whither his father had gone with Erik the Red! His men wished to land, for they were in need of wood and water. But Bjarni said, "No — it is my father I seek; we must sail until we find the ice mountains." And after sailing four days longer, they sighted land,

grim-looking and desolate, which Bjarni thought must be the country. He ordered his men to steer for land, and, imagine his delight when he found himself on the very spot which his father had chosen for a home. And there was great rejoicing in Herjulf's household over Bjarni's coming to drink the Yuletide ale with his father.

All this, Bjarni, sitting in the great chair beside the loaded table, told his host, who listened with his three stalwart sons close by. The old Viking liked Bjarni and took him into his service.

Young Leif Eriksson, the eldest son, heard with wonder of this strange country of woods and hills, so unlike the Greenland that he knew,— indeed unlike any country he had seen on any of his adventures. And the desire to seek this new land rose within him. He talked much about it to Bjarni, and Leif Eriksson was a man not given to talking over much.

A mighty man he was, tall and bronzed, with eagle nose and eyes as piercing blue as steel or ice,— a born leader, a ruler of men, with fear of none, not even of his father of whom the most powerful stood in awe. For it is told that while in Norway, through love of King Olaf Trygvasson, Leif became a Christian, and none dared break the news to Erik the Red save Leif himself, when with his followers he returned to Greenland. It was at a feast his father gave to celebrate his home coming, and Leif

waited his opportunity until all the household was assembled, to announce his change of faith.

Old Erik heard the words, "I am a Christian," and sprang to his feet, goblet in hand, his eyes blazing.

"Say that again!" he shouted.

His son obeyed him, facing him calmly. Crash went Erik's goblet, shivering into a thousand pieces on the table before him! His face grew purple and twitched with rage, and he raised the bronze battle-axe that always leaned against his chair, with menacing hand. It was not an uncommon thing for these stern Vikings to slay their sons for even smaller offences, and the frightened company thought Leif's moments were numbered. But Leif was King Olaf's messenger and he was not afraid, for he spoke quietly to Erik the Red.

"*You* know that *your* gods must die. *We* know that they are dead. But we have found One who is ever-living and ready to help us. Therefore King Olaf has sent me." He got no further, for Erik hurled the axe at him. It missed him by a hair's breadth, burying itself in the wall behind him.

Instantly there was a tumult; followers of father and son drew their weapons. Leif rose from his seat and faced his father calmly. "You have broken the laws of hospitality — you who taught me these very laws. But I am not afraid; I will leave your house and go back to my ship." He signed to

his men to file out in order — still standing before the high seat of honour and holding his father in check with his eyes as if Erik the Red were a mad dog at bay. Then, as the last man passed out, he too turned to go and walked alone among his father's frowning followers.

"Stop!" called Erik, growing blacker and blacker with rage. "You shall not throw shame upon my hospitality; here in this house shall you stay as long as you remain in Greenland — you and your men, — and though I shall no longer own you for a son, you shall come to no harm."

So Leif stayed, and little by little the mood of the fiery old Jarl softened. He never became a Christian, but Leif grew back into his heart, and was once again a great leader. For all men knew that he was without fear; so when the spirit of adventure rose within him, his followers were eager to set forth. He bought a ship of Bjarni Herjulfsson, which he called *Sea Deer,* and taking with him thirty-five men he resolved to find this country where wood abounded. "For," said he, "we need the wood for ships and for our Winter fires, and if no others claim it we may have it for the seeking."

"Come with us," he said to his father, but Erik shook his head.

"I am old, my son, and the sea life is irksome. Go thou and bring me word."

"But you will bring us luck," urged Leif, and

after many words Erik was persuaded. So his steed was brought, and mounting he rode with his son toward the ship. When almost there the horse stumbled, throwing the old warrior to the ground.

"This is a sign that I shall discover no more lands," he cried. "Go thou, my son, and may Odin and Thor watch over you."

When his father commended this favourite son to the care of the gods, Leif Eriksson put his trust in the Lord and set forth with great hopes for unknown lands.

In the year 1000, when the Summer sun was highest, the little company sailed southward from Brattahlid till they came to a barren country covered with big flat stones. Leif called it Helluland or "Slate-land," and it was most probably either Labrador or the northern coast of Newfoundland, for that is the part of North America just opposite Greenland. It must have been very exciting to these mariners to touch land they had never seen or heard of before.

When we go on a journey nowadays we know exactly what to expect, indeed the very time we will reach our destination. But Leif and his men knew nothing; they could not even tell if their ship would take a straight course. The sun was their compass, and guided by pleasant weather they kept on towards the South, coming at length to a thickly wooded coast where they landed. On account of the won-

derful forests, Leif named it Markland or "Woodland." This is supposed to have been the coast of Nova Scotia. But the little party was fired with the spirit of adventure and pushed on for two more days before they came to land again. They found a low, sandy coast-line, and went ashore, "where a river issuing from a lake fell into the sea." Historians seem to be of one mind that Leif Eriksson made his landing somewhere in the neighbourhood of Cambridge, Massachusetts; the river was the Charles, and the "lake" where they brought their ship and cast anchor was none other than Massachusetts Bay.

The waters were full of fish and the climate was so delightful that Leif decided to spend the Winter there. So they went to work and built themselves comfortable huts. They divided into parties and explored the country for miles around. One of the men came back in much excitement, saying he had discovered vines loaded with grapes. This man was not a Northman; he had been brought up in a vine country and was much pleased at the sight of them in the new land. Leif accordingly called this country Vineland, as the grapes were plentiful during this Autumn season.

Such is the story of Vineland spoken of in the Icelandic Sagas. It has been handed down to us since the time of Leif's discovery; from father and mother to son and daughter the story was told as

fireside entertainment for many generations; then when people learned to write it was put on parchment. Even the children of Iceland were taught to recite these Sagas as they had been told to them, word for word, and woe to the child who strayed one step from the truth in telling of the deeds of Leif Eriksson and the other sea rovers who lived for a while in the fruitful Vinelands,— where Indian corn grew wild, where grapes were found by the roadside, where the Winters were so mild that it was not necessary to house the cattle!

Now this could not have happened in bleak and desolate Labrador, for grapes cannot grow there nor can Indian corn ripen even with cultivation. Labrador was undoubtedly the "slate-land" Leif first touched. Neither could the mild Winter the men passed have been upon the shores of Labrador, while in Massachusetts such a season has often occurred. Besides, around Cambridge are several crumbling foundations which were standing in early Colonial days, and which many believe to be the remains of the huts Leif and his men built for their Winter quarters.

They passed a very comfortable Winter, almost too comfortable for these sturdy Northmen who were accustomed to battle with the cold; and, in the Spring of 1001, Leif and his men loaded their ships with timber and set forth for Greenland.

"We will leave the huts," said Leif. "It may

be that I myself may return or some of my kindred."

And so it happened that Vineland was the lawful property of Leif Eriksson, and though he never went back there his houses stood and served as shelter to those who followed him.

They had fair winds and a straight course all the way to Greenland. When they had sighted land one of the men said to Leif, who, as commander, had his place at the helm, "Why do you steer into the wind when the homeward way is clear before you?"

Leif only smiled and pointed ahead of him. "There is something strange out in the sea," he said. And sure enough it turned out to be a skerry or merchant ship astrand on the rocks. "There are lives to be saved," said Leif calmly, "and we will save them if we can."

It was no easy matter to make a rescue in the Greenland seas. But Leif was not an ordinary man; there was something very noble and great about him which made all men obey his lightest word. Thus he was enabled to rescue Thori, his wife, and fifteen other persons with a great part of their cargo, and ever after was Leif called "Leif the Lucky" on account of this rescue which brought him honour and wealth.

Now it happened that the shipwrecked persons were well known to Leif Eriksson and his family. The commander was called Thori Eastman, and his

wife, Gudrid, was with him on the rock. Leif invited them all on board his ship and so they sailed with him to Brattahlid and became honoured guests in Erik's household. But Thori did not live long after his rescue; he and a number of his people died during the year. Gudrid stayed on in Erik's house, and at length became the wife of Thorstein, the third of Erik's sons.

During the next Winter Erik the Red died at Brattahlid and Leif became head of the family.

There was much talk and excitement among the Vikings over this new country of Vineland, and Thorwald Eriksson, the second son of Erik, became very anxious to visit this wonderful Vineland. Borrowing Leif's ship, he set out in 1002. He had no difficulty in reaching Vineland, where he found the huts, and here he and his men spent two Winters, going short distances to explore the country. But they never saw a human creature until the following Summer, when they discovered a new country which Thorwald decided to make his home.

When they got back to the ship they discovered upon the sands what seemed to be three mounds, and going ashore for a closer look they found three skin canoes with three men under each. They fell upon them and killed eight of them; the ninth unfortunately escaped and roused other savages, and made war on the vessel. In the fight that followed,

Thorwald received his death wound, and his men buried him on the spot he had chosen for a home, placing crosses at his head and feet. Old Erik, the father, had gone to Valhalla like all good Vikings, but his sons had embraced the new faith.

The sad tidings which Thorwald's men brought back to Greenland did not prevent Thorstein, the third brother, from undertaking the voyage. His wife, Gudrid, went with him in the same ship, manned by twenty-five followers. Their desire was to find Vineland and bring home the body of Thorwald, but they were driven hither and thither in the open sea and finally back upon the shores of Greenland, far from home. Here Thorstein died of the plague and Gudrid returned to Leif at Brattahlid — a widow for the second time.

This was in 1004, and that same Summer came a ship from Norway to Greenland, one Thorfinn Karlsefni commanding. He was a man of wisdom and great wealth, well received and entertained by Leif, and he straightway fell in love with Dame Gudrid. Leif consented to the marriage, so for the third time she became a bride, and with this new husband, Thorfinn Karlsefni, sailed away once more to Vineland, whither the people all urged Karlsefni to venture.

This was the greatest of all the expeditions. They took with them all kinds of cattle, for they

intended to settle in this country if they could. Karlsefni asked Leif to give him his house at Vineland.

"No," said Leif, "I will lend it, but not give it."

So they sailed away, arriving safe and sound at Leif's house where they settled down for the Winter. There was no lack of provisions and lumber, but during the first Summer savages were discovered. At first they were friendly and traded with the newcomers, but they soon became so troublesome that Karlsefni had to put a wooden palisade around his house to keep them away.

It was here that the first white child was born in America, the son of Gudrid and Karlsefni, whom they called Snorri. But much as they loved the beautiful country, the savages, whom they called Skraellings, proved too troublesome. There was always fighting and killing, and the Northmen did not like this warfare of the woods; they liked a fair fight in the open, upon the high seas; and in the Spring Karlsefni decided to go back to Greenland where they might live in peace and safety and bring up their boy to be a great man. So they set sail and reached Greenland when little Snorri was three years old.

Still one more trip was made to Vineland, but it is a gruesome tale the Sagas tell of the wicked Freydis, Leif's half sister, the last of the family, who took ship as the others did with many companions,

who reached Vineland as the others did, and there poured the blood of her victims into the fertile soil of this fair country. When at length she and her husband came back to Greenland, news was brought to Leif of her evil deeds. "I have no heart," he said, "to punish her as she deserves, but evil will be forever on her and her children." And from that time there was only evil spoken of them and theirs.

So passed the Northmen, these bold sea-rovers, forever from the wooded coasts of our new world. The rifts made by their axes in the virgin forests were filled up as the centuries passed by other trees, beautiful in strength and foliage. The footprints of the Northern warriors were soon hidden in the undergrowth. The wild animals had the forests to themselves unmolested, save for the savages whom the Vikings had taught to kill. And so this young world of ours lay once more hushed in its cradle of silence while the Vikings sought other adventures across the sea and sang of Vineland as they drank their Yuletide ale.

CHAPTER II

THE MAN WHO FOUND A COUNTRY

IT takes a brave man to set sail upon an unknown sea and steadfastly to keep his face turned toward a western land; especially brave he must be if that land exists for him only in imagination. We give credit to Christopher Columbus for having discovered the western world, but more credit still must be given him for having put forth, for having sailed on and on even though his vessel groaned with every surging wave, even though his sails were difficult to manage in variable winds, even though his crew mutinied and threatened his life.

Adventure after adventure befell Columbus, but nothing could keep him from his set purpose. He was the greatest mariner the world has ever known, because in days when superstitions governed the minds of men, he remained firm in his determination to brave a sea of darkness. This is the fact to remember, when other events occurred in his career of which he should not have been proud.

Columbus did not suddenly say to himself: I will go forth and explore the unknown path of the sea; he did not at once stand forth with his ideas

of strange lands and new ways of reaching Cathay, the realm of untold marvels and fabulous wealth. Discovery was in the air, so to speak, and the map-makers of the day placed upon their charts islands that seemed to be islands to sailors who, gazing toward the horizon for some token of their desire, conjured up land out of clouds, and measured the flight of birds as evidence of the nearness of unclaimed continents.

One has to live in the midst of people intent on discovery, in order to be a discoverer. Columbus owed much to what was told him of adventures in the untravelled seas; he read stray accounts of happenings that occurred to those sailing East and outside the beaten track known to civilised nations. Being a sailor at an early age — for at fourteen he shipped — his mind was fired by the many stories passed from crew to crew. Later he became a map-maker himself and studied intently the exact positions of the imagined lands scattered in the ocean to the west of the Azores, the Canaries, and Madeira, the outposts of surety beyond which flowed a sea of darkness. We could not have a more romantic picture than that which represents Christopher Columbus, the discoverer. The son of a wool carder gave a New World to the Old. In after years he tried to disguise his lowly origin; as though a great deed was not enough to cover the poorest with glory!

History tells us that 1492 is a noted date. But history tells us more. There are many pictures to be held in memory — pictures of living men fighting against odds and meeting with success. America seems to have grown strong in that manner; we sought for a new land against odds — we became a nation against odds. The event is always furthered by the enthusiasm with which it is sought.

Only after a long period of struggle and disappointment did Columbus find himself master of a caraval; he served many days of apprenticeship; he watched for the return of many travellers before he turned his face toward an unfamiliar horizon; he studied many maps, not in scholarly manner — for Columbus was not a student and possessed small store of exact knowledge — but as a dreamer would who imagined Cathay, the marvellous kingdom of untold wealth.

Then, and not until then, did Columbus stand forth and say: "I shall put out to sea, Admiral of my own ship, Viceroy of lands I have never seen." It takes a brave man to do this, especially brave for one living in the Middle Ages and at a time when the Spanish Inquisition burned people alive for less fault than that of imagining the world was round. But Columbus was intent, and, furthermore, in order to stand aloof from the seafarers who were seeking for the East in the East, Columbus cried before the thrones of monarchs: "Give

me but ships and I will find you the East in the West, if I but sail far enough." Surely many a wise head wagged over such topsy-turvy notions as these.

By the time Columbus was born many things had happened to make men alert for new lands and strange adventure. The Northmen, as we have seen, had come to Greenland and had skirted the coast as far as Nova Scotia, but while there were Sagas which sang the history of these times, the Vikings did not take root. We can find but faint traces of their existence in Greenland and Vineland. Hence it is that when the period of exploration arrived, the discoverers found the land practically untouched by civilisation save that law and order peculiar to prehistoric man and to savage tribes.

The Northmen, therefore, passed from America almost completely; though they brought domesticity with them, they took away all evidences of such; on their ships they had horses and kine, but they left behind no breed of cattle, goats, or swine, such as the Pilgrims had.

The pre-Columbian voyages did not greatly affect the discoverer to be; in fact, history shows that there was no big movement to follow in the footsteps of the Northmen. Europe was intent on firmly establishing herself by the eleventh century, and Germany, France, and England were not yet nations of any strength or sureness. There was the

greatest ignorance regarding geography, and even the ancient writers like Ptolemy, Cicero, Virgil, and Seneca, who claimed the earth to be round, were rather vague in their ideas. Besides which, by the Middle Ages, the Church forbade people to believe in the theories of the earth's roundness, giving as their reasons proofs which we shall find brought forward in opposition to Columbus. All Europe faced the East for two special reasons: First, Commerce found its richest goal in India, Cathay or China, and Cipango, or Japan. Second, The Ottoman Empire, jealous and domineering, interfered with all trade between the East and the West, thus making it necessary for commerce to find a waterway to India.

No one set out definitely with an idea of discovering America; even at the time of his death, Columbus did not know that the land he had found was not a part of the coast of Asia. Though he crossed the seas from Spain four times, he never conceived of two new continents and never failed to search for Kublai Khan. Travellers had brought fabulous news of this Cathay with its gold and sapphires and diamonds; they had told of an ocean beyond Cathay and Cipango. Fired by the exploits of Portuguese sailors, Columbus rightly argued that if he but sailed far enough West he would reach Cathay. He did not count on vast lands lying between Portugal and China; he did not conceive of

two oceans having to be crossed before the great Khan could be found. This mistake kept him in ignorance to the day of his death.

Cathay was a fairyland to the sailor of fortune. No wonder he would not look West with such promises tempting him in the East. Missionaries had penetrated Asia many hundred years before, and the strange people of the East became marauders on the Mediterranean coast. There are three things for us to remember about the state of Europe — three things which were to have an influence upon the career of Columbus: First, that Saracen, Persian, and Turk opposed the advance of Christianity; in fact, gained such strength in the eleventh century as to threaten the civilisation of the West. At the time of the discovery of America, the Moors had held the Spanish peninsular in such thrall as to divert all attention from any topic but self-protection from the infidel. A tide of religious enthusiasm swept across the Christian world during the Middle Ages, and resulted in the Crusades which were pilgrimages organised by noblemen for the purpose of wresting the tomb of Christ from the Ottoman control. It was Spain's struggle with the Moor that kept Columbus dangling at the heels of moving armies, and partly spurred on by the memory of this as well as by the general enthusiasm of the Crusader, he made many vows, while struggling through storm and doubt at sea, to join the hordes of devout believers

who were attempting to plant Christ's standard in the East.

Second, that the great discoverer was an Italian, a fact which the Spaniards only agreed to forget at times, and Italy was a great maritime power during these Dark Ages of doubtful struggle between the East and West. Italy was a country of rival states, and Genoa struggled against Venice for supremacy in trade. There was no counting on friendship between nations or cities in those days; a King often found his vassal as powerful as himself, and had to make terms with him as best he might. And if the truth must be told, most of this rivalry was prompted by the avaricious dreamers about Cathay. And Third, among many adventurers to the East, two stand forth as probable inspirers of the great discoverer: the Italian, Marco Polo, and the Englishman, Sir John Mandeville, who went to China and placed on record many strange accounts of Eastern sights and customs. In none of Columbus's writings which have been preserved to us is there any mention of these two, but it is safe to believe that of Marco Polo, a fellow countryman, he knew much.

It matters little about "Sir John," for there may not have been such an august person, and whoever it was who really penned his travels stole from other writers, spicing the whole with some few adventures of his own and quotations from the ancients. On

Columbus's second voyage there went with him Juan Ponce de Leon who was later to have curious adventures in Florida. If Columbus had ever read the "Travels" of Mandeville, he was able to discuss the legends concerning a fountain of youth which was to flit, like a will-o'-the-wisp, in the brain of De Leon.

The life of Marco Polo is full of thrills. His father and uncle, Venetian merchants, set forth via Constantinople, the great trading port of the East, for the Court of the Great Khan Kublai. This was in 1260. For nine years they were away, visiting remote regions in Russia, thence turning to Cathay. They then returned home and in 1271 again set forth, this time with the boy, Marco, aged seventeen. Many young people figure in the events leading to the discovery of 1492: Columbus — the boy sailor; Diego — the boy son, who was with his father at that momentous hour outside the walls of a Spanish convent; the boy at the tiller, whose sleeping caused the *Santa Maria* to become shipwrecked; Ferdinand, son of the Admiral, below deck on the fourth voyage, with mind a-tingle at the thought of coming adventure.

Reaching the Court of the Great Khan, Marco soon gained the love and confidence of the ruler. One may judge how firm the friendship when it is told that two years after his arrival Marco was an official at the court, and that he was over forty-two

years of age when he again reached home. No wonder the Polo family had thought the three wanderers dead; no wonder they had to prove themselves before Venice would believe their story. But when the citizens of Venice saw the wealth with which the Polo trio dazzled their eyes, there was no withstanding the evidences of crimson velvet and rubies and sapphires and diamonds and emeralds. Great treasure has ever convinced men where mere truth has been powerless, and such wealth indeed as Marco Polo showed could come from no place but Cathay. Immediately he was held in great honour and on account of his experience he was soon to be put in great trust.

No book of travels had then been written; many hours of entrancing talk had been spent, and somewhere among his trappings a crude diary was stored away. Soon after, war broke out between Genoa and Venice, due to jealousy and conflicting trade, and Marco Polo's flag was run up before a Venetian galley, as Commander. The odds were in favour of Genoa during the battle which followed, and Marco was thrown into prison where his adventures were dictated. Many great things have been done in prison. Bunyan wrote his "Pilgrim's Progress" while enduring years of imprisonment, and it marked an era in literature, while Marco Polo's descriptions of his travels marked an era in the world's history.

Thus it is that for the first time the civilised

world obtained first hand accounts of strange countries and of strange people. Much valuable information regarding produce and occupation was given in these pages, and minute descriptions of natural beauty and wealth. Marco knew how to appeal to the imagination of his reader, and in such times, when imagination was rife, his book had great influence.

But it is certain that no matter how much information might be brought back about the East, no one was yet keen enough to make systematic use of the material supplied. And the reason was that not only was geography in a very confused state, but the science of navigation was crude. The compass had not yet been put into wide use. There was one thing uppermost in men's minds — a new route to the Indies must be found, and credit must be given to Portugal for her efforts in that direction. No idea had yet been strong enough to make adventurers turn West, though the Canaries, the Madeira group, and the Azores were known to Portuguese mariners, or to Genoese in the service of Portugal's King. It is very natural that when Columbus heard of this small kingdom's activity on the seas, he should hasten thither with his seemingly strange proposals.

The fame of Portugal was largely due to one man, Prince Henry of Portugal, commonly known as "The Navigator." Through his initiative, the

attention of sea-gazers was turned to the coast of Africa; amidst the struggle with the Moors, who threatened the Ibernian peninsula in every direction, Henry had been sent to the north coast of Africa to guard against seaward approach, and much to his surprise he discovered how the west coast extended south an unexplored distance. Here then was another problem to solve; in order to go East, if one could only sail around the continent, behold, the new route to India would be at hand! Step by step, the sailors felt their way. A great victory was that which brought the mariner around the northwestern point of Africa, and started ships down toward the torrid zone, where there was a superstitious belief, as strong as the legends connected with the sea of darkness, that no living being could withstand the excruciating heat.

Shall we spoil the picture of this adventurous Prince by saying that his enthusiasm was partly prompted by the promise of slaves and gold dust? Perhaps it were better for us to forget the greed which spurred nations on the sea. No one, not even Columbus, could protect himself against the lure of riches, yet had Prince Henry not held firm to his belief that Africa ended in a point, Bartholomew Diaz might never have unconsciously sailed around the Cape of Good Hope, a feat which was designedly accomplished by Vasco da Gama in 1498. No doubt the Diaz expedition served to fire Christopher

into action, for his brother, Bartholomew, had accompanied the circumnavigator and many were the wild stories brought back with him to Portugal.

How few of us know what great events may happen in obscure places! The times were ripe for some one to be more daring than any before him; the greatness of Columbus lay in the fact that he was a pioneer in a new direction. After he had conquered the sea of darkness, people tried to belittle his act; they claimed that any one could have done as he did. It was then, while he was preparing for his second journey, so the story goes, that Columbus arose before many dignitaries, holding an egg in his hand. "Which one of you," said the Admiral, a little scorn sounding in his voice, "which one of you can make this egg stand upon its end?" Astounded and mystified, the noble company sat silent. "Behold then!" added Columbus, breaking the shell at one end, and letting loose the egg which stood firm upon the table, "Go and do likewise." Columbus was never loath to assert his own honours and deeds to his own credit; and if we, who try in our history to be just, only think awhile, we shall understand that what Columbus did once was done by many others after him. But of them all, Columbus was the first.

Genoa claims to be the birthplace of Christopher Columbus; some sixteen other places claim the distinction, but authentic records have denied them all.

Many dates have been suggested for his probable birth, but after statements have been weighed and documents examined, historians have fixed the event between 1445 and 1447. There is no doubting the fact that up a narrow street in Genoa, leading from the shore, in a house now bearing an inscription above the door, was born a son to Domenico Columbo, the wool weaver. There were other Domenicos and other Columbos, some of them high in station; and after the infant of Vice Dritto Ponticello, No. 37, had grown into deeds and titles, there was some confusion and some disappointment as to his lowly inheritance. That is why, no doubt, Columbus was over particular in bargaining a continent for title to be his and his heirs forever.

However that may be, four sons and a daughter were born to Susanna and Domenico Columbo, and Christoforo was to have aid from two of his brothers, Bartolomeo and Diego Colon or Jacobus. These shall be met with later as Bartholomew and James.

The event to come allows us to make rapid progress in recounting the boyhood of Columbus. We must remember that he went to sea at fourteen, and at that time he could not only write well but draw deftly also. There is faint evidence that he went to the University of Pavia, but no doubt, even though going to sea at an early age, the years found him adding to his store of Latin and to his knowl-

edge of mathematics, astronomy, and geography, without which he could neither have understood the map-making of the day nor himself have been a map-maker. Yet Columbus was not a brilliant man; he picked up his scientific knowledge as he went, and often found himself unable to refute arguments which others might readily have thrown aside. In many respects Bartholomew was more skilful than Columbus. No one as yet saw the inward gleam coming from the latter's eye.

There is much guesswork connected with the initial days of Sailor Christopher. He may have joined a buccaneering expedition against Naples; not even Columbus is accurate concerning these events. But whatever befell him we know that he had many years of sea training.

By 1473, when Columbus arrived in Portugal, this much of his personal life alone concerns us: his state of mind that turned his face westward. He was married in due course, and had two sons, Diego (between 1475 and 1479), and Ferdinand (1488). But there was little home life in store for Columbus; his boys flit here and there throughout the events of his career, coming at last into sharper prominence toward the end of their father's life.

It is said that fairies pull the petals apart when a rosebud bursts into bloom. Columbus had no such help; every step of his way was made difficult. If the world were round, said the ignorant and

superstitious, even if one saw with his own eyes a ship sink beyond the horizon, first keel, then prow, then mast, how could it ever sail up hill again? The notion was absurd, they said. Yet Columbus was to prove them wrong, even as Diaz was to show how he could go through the torrid zone and back again without so much as a burn.

Never were the times riper for trial of an Idea such as Columbus had in mind. Rumours of a western route were afloat, and Portugal's King was interested in the proposal. There are many legends connected with hints of a western continent which had come to Columbus. Some say that a dying sailor, being taken care of by Christopher, told him how his ship had only recently been blown far beyond known lands toward islands in the West. Thus confessing, the sailor died, leaving Columbus with a great secret in his heart. Could not this be true — especially true — he argued to himself, since curiously carved pieces of wood had been cast up by the sea and canoes scooped out of single logs of pine trees? These odd objects that had come across the Sea of Darkness did not stay his persistent thinking.

At last he appealed to King John II of Portugal, nephew of Henry, the Navigator, and as was the custom of the time, a learned body was called to discuss the plan. There were those who said yea, and those who said nay, but all seemed to be in

accord when they opposed the high attitude of this unknown scatterbrain, who would be admiral and more besides.

Unsafe is the Idea of one man in the grasp of many. Seeing how the wind blew, yet not scouting the proposals, King John, digesting the scheme of Columbus, secretly sent a ship on its way to the West. But a ship is not all that is necessary for a voyage,— no one knew exactly whither,— and the men returned disheartened. Such action reached the ears of Columbus, and without more ado he left Portugal for Spain, in 1484, leaving his son Diego with a sister-in-law, near the port of Palos.

One defeat will not dishearten a man, and fortunately, Columbus could not imagine the weary years of waiting which confronted him while Ferdinand and Isabella dallied with his proposals. Yet there is something to say for a King and Queen not instantly undertaking the expense of a journey which was beyond human experience, even if it was not impossible to do. In the midst of exacting warfare against the Infidel, these two heard now and again of this man who would sail West for the glory of God and of Spain. For some time this is how matters stood: Columbus manœuvres to reach the ear of Isabella's financial minister, who in turn whispers to his Queen; she, for the moment interested, turns to her Confessor and asks him to look into the matter; he holds Columbus in suspense while

the months slip by, and finally, with much noise, calls learned men to weigh matters.

But they dismissed all suggestions of encouraging the Idea since they were very pious and very learned in Church books that disbelieved the theories of the earth's roundness. In 1486, while the Spanish Court was at Salamanca, where the University was situated, there was another gathering of councillors, and Columbus heard that many thought his scheme plausible. This, in a way, was a victory for the wanderer, but he was not so elated as to lose the opportunity, when his brother Bartholomew returned with Diaz toward the end of 1487, to visit the latter, and to send him on a mission of supplication to the Courts of France and England.

If Bartholomew had not been beset by pirates, only reaching England some time between 1488 and 1490, to that country might have fallen the glory of leading the way across the Atlantic! Some say that Henry VII actually wrote to Columbus after much persuasion, and his letter reached Spain too late, for the Queen of Spain by that time had acceded to the demands made upon her purse. But if he could not actually engage the services of Columbus, the English King had not long to wait before the Cabots, of Venetian birth, were solicitors for aid before his throne.

Slowly, the stress and strain were beginning to wear upon Columbus, who, while he had patience,

also possessed pride. He followed the Court wherever it moved, usually in the direction of the soldiers of Castile and Aragon, before whose front the Moors were being crowded to their last defence. By this time he was a familiar figure wherever he went; this told upon his appearance, and as he walked along the streets, grey-haired, bowed, and musing to himself upon the possible issue, people tapped their foreheads and gazed after him curiously.

It was becoming difficult for Columbus to believe that he was gaining ground and that he had a right to hope; he never knew whether or not he would be received at Court, so preoccupied were Ferdinand and Isabella over more important matters of state. Finally, when Christopher was told on all sides that he would have to wait, he turned to influential countries, thinking perhaps to gain their aid. But he was soon convinced that if he really did discover new lands of untold treasure, he would assuredly need a King behind him in order to protect whatever he might discover. There was no use lingering in Spain another day.

Thus determined, Columbus went for his little son, Diego, who was now a lad of twelve, and had proceeded no further than the Convent of La Rabida, to the south of the port of Palos, when something happened. Night was falling upon the road when father and son saw the lights of the

monastery in the distance. White-haired, disheartened and dusty was Columbus, while the boy by his side showed by his lagging manner that his small strength was well-nigh spent. In answer to the postern bell, the porter of La Rabida found the two, by the dim light of his candle held to the grating of the window. Nothing loath for gossip, in a time when travellers served the place of our modern newspaper, this monk led Columbus on in conversation, while the Prior, Juan Perez, came upon them. Indeed, Columbus must have been eloquent, even after such light refreshment as bread and water, for the good Prior asked him in, and through the long night, far into the faint morning of another day, these two went over the golden dream of the West. The result was that the story must be told to others a little more worldly in knowledge than the genial Franciscan prior, who, nevertheless, knew wherein his power lay with the Queen, since in years gone by he had been Isabella's Confessor according to the customs of the Church. So a learned Doctor was called into consultation.

Shortly after, the prior took a long, exacting mule ride to the Court at command of Her Majesty, and Columbus received royal orders to go no further but to await the royal will. Two things of moment were now to happen in Spanish history. The Moors were to be crushed at Granada and deprived of all hold upon Spain, and Isabella, prompted by the en-

couraging reports of another Junta she had called together, declared her intention of supporting the new expedition, even if it drew upon her own private revenue. No doubt one reason why Spain reached forth a hand to Columbus at this time was due to the fact that, exhausted by the continuous campaigns against the infidel, here was offered the possibility of untold treasure which the royal coffers certainly needed.

No one could have told by Columbus's manner that he was elated over the issue; he presented to the sovereigns a list of conditions which must be agreed to before he would stir a foot in the direction of getting ready. They must make him High Admiral, with all the dignity and respect attached thereto; they must give him power of Viceroy and Governor General over all discoveries; they must allow him one-tenth of all treasure gathered by him. Such demands, and others besides, were made by Christoforo Colombo of Genoa, who, since arriving in Spain, was wont to sign his name Cristoval Colon.

There was no time to waste; the Court was wise enough to see that, and credit must be given to the beautiful spirit which in part moved Isabella who was more warm-hearted than Ferdinand. In those days monarchs may have eagerly sought to implant the royal standard on unknown shores, but they were eager also to carry Christianity wherever

they went. Yet strange to say, no priest went with Columbus and his motley, ill-assorted crew, on this first voyage.

No sooner was an agreement reached between him and the crowned heads, than Columbus, graced with the privilege of using the noble title "Don," hastened to Palos, settling his family affairs on the way, and stopping to give his thanks to Father Perez, to whom much credit is due from history. But it is one thing to have the royal permission to sail and it is a far different matter to make ready. All told, as modern value runs, when the three ships were actually in fit condition, the expense was not very large, not more than two hundred thousand dollars, and this included the wages of all on board. As it was, the Crown made no very extensive preparations. For it happened that Palos, having earned the royal displeasure, was required to fit out two vessels, even to the crews, and a family of Pinzons, — two brothers named Martin and Vincente Yanez, who, having had some experiences at sea, and being crafty as well as possessed of the necessary money, — joined the newly created Admiral in preparing the third vessel. Martin, in all probability, was planning to out-wit Columbus at the first opportunity.

Columbus had to pick his sailors from the jails; few people otherwise were clamouring to brave the Sea of Darkness, but they little realised how anx-

ious they would be, on the second voyage, to enlist for a land where, the popular belief long held, untold wealth might be gathered with no effort whatever. Even these prisoners showed no inclination to go willingly. The King and Queen had to issue orders for the necessary equipment, and with these orders went the officers of the law to enforce them. Thus were the *Santa Maria,* Columbus's flag ship, and the *Pinta* and the *Nina,* commanded by the Pinzons, made ready for the unknown. We wonder whether Martin had schemed to command the *Pinta,* which was the fastest of these caravels?

All being ready at last, amid much ceremony and fervent prayers, the famous little fleet of three, containing ninety souls aboard, set sail in the early hours of sunrise on August 3, 1492, Columbus having given to his two commanders sealed orders, if by any mishap they became separated. An accident, happening to the *Pinta's* rudder, delayed them at the Canary Islands, but after that we may consider the Admiral fairly off. On September 6, he spread sail for Japan, little knowing that America was to be his destination.

The weather was calm for many days, and the Admiral eagerly scanned the faces of his crew. What though the voyage prove too long for their patience, he argued; what though their restlessness increase with each mile that took them farther

away from home! These thoughts determined Columbus to keep a false reckoning — to show the sailors a table of miles they had travelled each day which would really be much less than the true number, which he would lock away in his cabin.

It is difficult for us to imagine the enormity of this first voyage; our ocean greyhounds cross the Atlantic on schedule time, and with their wireless apparatus are never aloof from communication with other ships and other lands. But here were three caravels, not much larger than our smallest sailing vessels, alone in a wide expanse, with crude nautical instruments, and no certainty as to what might next happen.

Indeed, whenever the magnetic needle of the deck fluctuated, the sailors grew restless and scowled; whenever the temperature varied for any length of time or the sails had to struggle in overcoming strange ocean currents, Columbus grew uneasy for the temper of his men. If there was no depending upon the constancy of the north star, and if the magnetic needle continued to raise suspicion, then surely there would be an outbreak among the men who had thus been impressed into the service!

Superstitious men these were, a crew to discourage any Admiral, but Columbus sailed on and on, undaunted. Then suddenly, consternation seized all who heard the scraping of weeds against the vessel's

side. Miles upon miles, the Sargasso Sea stretched before them, a seemingly endless mass of tangled grasses. What though in the night time they became imprisoned in this maze, for the wind had *died down and they were making small progress!*

But like all such incidents that befell them on this journey, they finally slipped through this green sea out into a free way again. The weather was with the Admiral, for his journey this time was to be without squalls; nevertheless, this does not mean that the new experience of winds and ocean currents was not just as forbidding, and did not raise just as much anxiety in the mind of Columbus. The trade winds were so constant, so unvarying in their westward direction, that once more Columbus heard questions asked. What if the winds kept them forever sailing westward; how could they then turn about and sail back to sea?

Dissatisfaction therefore increased to such an extent that there were whispered plots to throw the Admiral overboard and take matters in their own hands. Their hopes rose once when they imagined some river birds circling around the ship; still more they were encouraged by a mirage which they believed to be the faint outlines of a distant shore. Such were the dangers surrounding Columbus, and it would have fared ill for the Admiral had he by word or action shown his fear or his doubt. But he awed the men by his powers of controlling and

by his certain conviction which the ignorant sailors thought was his superior knowledge.

He also knew when to compromise, and he rightly argued that a slight change of sailing direction would please the restless crew. Often during the first few days of October, signals were fired from the *Pinta* and the *Nina,* both claiming to have sighted land. They were false alarms, and Pinzon now advised a change of direction. At first Columbus failed to take his advice, but later a flight of birds made the Admiral follow their course.

Thus, we note him changing his direction many times; had he at one point continued to sail due west, he would have landed upon the shores of Carolina, thus forestalling the Cabots who must be reckoned the true discoverers of North America. On another day, had he persisted in maintaining the new course, he would finally have touched the coast of Florida, forestalling Ponce de Leon in his quest for the fountain of Eternal Youth. But the West Indies alone were to welcome him, while during his second voyage he found the mainland of South America.

Columbus now promised to turn back if he did not meet with success within three days. On October 11, logs and branches and cane and berries floated past them, signs which naturally determined Columbus to keep close watch during the night.

Mingled joys and doubts pressed upon the Admiral as he paced the deck in the darkness. Never did a man gaze westward with more longing; never were the stars more watchful overhead. The ship crept on and on, while — though no one knew — a green coast came nearer and nearer. At last the Admiral stood still, his heart beating, his hand trembling, his eyes peering intently on a moving light. Had his prayers been answered? "Pero, good fellow, do you see yonder beacon?" "Yes," came the reply close at hand, but Roderigo, standing on the other side of the deck, could not see anything. Columbus ordered more people to look, for he would not have a "no" for an answer. They must watch through the long hours, they must join him in chanting the "Salve"; surely land was near. In his fulness of heart the Admiral added a silken jacket to the money reward set aside for the first man to sight land. In the end, if the truth must be told, the Admiral fought for the reward himself, even though he had an over-abundance of bounty in other quarters. Poor Admiral, whose thoughts were soon to be centred wholly upon gold, and his share of worldly treasure!

Ten weeks had passed since that Friday morning at Palos, when they had lifted anchor, and now it was Friday again, at two o'clock on the morning of October 12. Roderigo de Triana, aboard the

Pinta, gave a cry which sent the gun signal of "Land" crashing over the waters. Thus was the first voyage to America at an end!

Columbus landed on an island called Guanahani, one of the Bahamas, though which one is to this day a bit of historic mystery. But when Columbus took possession of it for Castile, he gave it the Christian name of San Salvadore, yet it is extremely doubtful if the present island of San Salvadore is *the* island where Columbus and his men landed after their long and anxious night vigil.

But experienced and skilful navigator that he was he still was blissfully unconscious of the enormous thing he had done for the world. He cruised about among these islands, thinking he was in the ocean just East of Cathay, and that a short voyage would bring him to the coast of China. And when he reached Quinsay, the chief city of the Great Khan, cruising in a northwesterly direction, he would be able to deliver the friendly letter with which Ferdinand and Isabella had intrusted him. Instead of accomplishing this wonderful thing, he reached the beautiful island of Cuba, and everywhere the strangers were greeted with kindness by the friendly natives. They found pleasant villages on this island, and the fertile country was in a high state of cultivation, but to the simple minds of the sailors, hunting for gold and spices and cities and kings, this seemed nothing at all. The growing cotton in the

fields meant nothing to them; they wanted the gold in their grasp to satisfy their longing and their greed. Even the Admiral himself felt disappointed in spite of the primitive beauty which encompassed him.

He owned himself perplexed; he had expected to find Cipango (Japan) somewhere in these waters, and in the light of our present day geography we may well wonder at such a ridiculous theory. But the wisest of men were only groping in the dark in those old days, and Columbus was without doubt the most unconscious of discoverers.

The Admiral, as we have said, was well equipped for his adventure. His three caravels, the *Nina,* the *Pinta,* and the *Santa Maria,* were staunch little vessels in their way, and provisions and ammunition they carried in plenty. He himself commanded the *Santa Maria;* Martin Pinzon, an able officer, commanded the *Pinta,* a smaller but a swifter vessel, and Vincente Yanez Pinzon, the youngest of the many Pinzon brothers, commanded the little *Nina,* the smallest of all. It was while cruising about among these newly discovered islands, which delighted Columbus because of the scenery, that a serious accident altered all of his plans.

Early on Christmas morning the *Santa Maria* struck upon a sand bank, and the waves soon beat her to pieces. Now this was particularly unfortunate, for Martin Pinzon in his ship, the *Pinta,* had

deserted his commander, designing to reach home as quickly as possible in order to tell of his voyage before Columbus could get to port, his design being, of course, to take as much credit for the voyage as the Sovereigns would deign to bestow. So the accident to the *Santa Maria* left the Admiral only one ship, the little *Nina*. The *Pinta* most probably was well on her way across the seas, and the Admiral began to fear that if she reached Spain ahead of him, his own deeds would not be exploited.

But he had only the one small vessel and men for two ships, and it was needful that he should return at once to Spain where he would have no difficulty in getting men for a second voyage. This decision led to the founding of a little colony on the island of Hispaniola. A block house was built out of the wrecked ship's timbers and armed with her guns. It was called Fort Nativity and it was quite large enough to accommodate the forty men who were willing to be left behind with the friendly natives. Braving the rough Winter weather, Columbus set sail for Spain on the *Nina* with the rest of his company, January 4, 1493. Two days later they overtook the *Pinta* in mid-ocean, and Martin Pinzon tried to patch up the matter of his desertion by lame and improbable excuses. The truth was, something had happened to his foremast; it was too badly sprung to carry much sail, so the *Pinta* could go neither far nor fast.

Storms and various mishaps at sea separated the two vessels at last and kept the Admiral from reaching the harbour of Palos until March 15. His little caravel was promptly recognised by the people, and the whole town made a holiday of the occasion. Columbus was fêted and honoured, and during the late afternoon, in the midst of the celebration, the *Pinta* dropped anchor in the harbour. The storm had driven her to Bayonne, from which place Martin Pinzon had despatched messengers to Ferdinand and Isabella, making great claims for himself and asking permission to give them his account of the discovery. But when he saw the *Nina* in the harbour his heart failed him and he kept himself hidden until Columbus left Palos for Seville. So the news of the Admiral's safety reached the Sovereigns before they could reply to Pinzon's message. But the answer came at last in the shape of stern rebuke, forbidding him to appear before them. This blow was too much, for even the hardy sailor had overtaxed his strength on that terrible voyage home, and he died suddenly a short time afterwards.

The Sovereigns were at Barcelona, and the Admiral was received there with great honours, even being allowed to seat himself in the royal presence. Great interest was taken in all the trophies he had brought from the newly discovered lands, especially in the six painted savages, who, since they were supposed to come from the Indies, that indefinite and

unknown portion of Asia, were naturally called Indians. Every insignificant treasure that he had picked up was gloated over and wondered over, and he was lauded from one end of Spain to the other, though nobody — not even the great Admiral himself,— had the faintest suspicion of what had been done. The wonder of this discovery was beyond the conception of his generation; it was the wedge which opened the shut door of the new world.

There were four voyages in all which the Admiral accomplished. The first and most remarkable was the one which gave us a continent, though people shook their heads, and three little caravels were all the navigator could command — and not a hundred men. The next expedition, in the height of his power and renown, furnished ships enough to carry fifteen hundred men, some of them the flower of Spain, a hot, dare-devil set who were to do much damage in the far countries.

There were fourteen caravels and three ships for stores and provisions. It was while preparing this armament that Columbus incurred the deadly hatred of the Bishop of Fonesca, who had been created head of the Indian department, and little by little from that moment began the undermining of a great reputation. From the third expedition Columbus returned to Spain in chains, a sorry reward for all his labours. His appearance, as he and his brother Diego passed through the city of Cadiz, December,

DISCOVERY OF HISPANIOLA

1500, aroused popular sympathy, and Queen Isabella, who heard of the indignity he had suffered, sent a special courier with orders that the brothers should be released. Columbus was invited to Court where the Sovereigns received him at the Alhambra, Isabella with tears in her eyes, as the poor, broken old man, stripped of his honours, threw himself, weeping bitterly, at the feet of his royal mistress.

The fourth and last expedition sailed from Cadiz on May 11, 1502, just ten years from the date of the first, from which he did not return until November 7, 1504, after the most terrible experiences both on sea and land, and he reached home only to find Queen Isabella on her death bed. She died nineteen days later, and with her perished his best and most faithful friend.

After this there was no more work for the brave old mariner. Stripped of wealth and rank and title by his enemies, the last eighteen months of his life were spent in sickness and poverty, and he died on Ascension Day, May 20, 1506, at Valladolid, so unimportant an event as scarcely to be noticed. He was buried in the Franciscan monastery at Valladolid. Later, in 1513, his body was removed to the monastery of Las Cuevas at Seville, where his son Diego was buried in 1526. Ten years afterwards the remains of both father and son were carried to Hispaniola to the Cathedral of San Domingo, and were afterwards transferred to Havana. Indeed,

they have been removed so many times that there have been whispered doubts as to the identity of these treasured ashes.

But after all the struggle of his life, only that first voyage really marks an epoch. John Fiske, our great American historian, says of it:

"Nothing like it had ever been done before, and nothing like it can ever be done again. No worlds are left for a future Columbus to conquer. The era, of which this great Italian mariner was the most illustrious representative, has closed forever."

CHAPTER III

FROM ENGLISH SHORES

WHEN the fortunes of battle set Henry VII upon the throne of England, he found himself monarch of a distracted country torn by civil war; a sad country, whose many heroes lay dead on Bosworth Field which was the scene of the new king's coronation as well as the old king's defeat. The royal crown was taken from the head of Richard III, whose body lay near by, and placed upon the head of one far more worthy to wear it. And thus a new era began for "Merrie England"— the era of the Tudors, for Henry Tudor was the name of the young Earl of Richmond who suddenly became King, and he was the first of a line which was to rise to great power in the land.

A glance at our English history will no doubt convince us that the young nobleman was not after all a usurper. His mother Margaret, Countess of Richmond, was a sister of Edward IV and of Richard, the dead king, placing Henry in the direct line of inheritance; and to set him even more securely in his new position, wise councillors and wily states-

men suggested a speedy marriage, choosing as the bride little Princess Elizabeth, daughter of Edward IV and sister of those unfortunate young princes whom "good Uncle Richard" sent to Heaven from the Tower. This little Princess of York, once married to the House of Lancaster which Henry Tudor represented, would unite two warring factions and put an end forever to that disastrous "War of the Roses" which has been told to us "in song and story" as far back as we can remember.

So Henry VII being a wise and prudent young King gave heed to the advice, and after some delay married the Princess who was "most exceeding young," and proceeded to set his kingdom in order. He was crowned, as we have seen, on the battlefield in 1485, and by 1490 things were certainly in beautiful running order under his just sway.

There had been troublous times in working this change and not the least of the troubles had been the horrible scourge call the "sweating sickness," which had threatened to cut off the flower of his kingdom. But Henry succeeded in steering his Ship of State off the shoals and in advancing Old England to a new and important position in the world's history. And by the time Christopher Columbus returned from that famous little excursion of his, referred to in the preceding chapter, England was quite ready to peer about along her rugged

coast and wonder what lay beyond the horizon which hitherto had seemed the boundary-line of the earth.

To Henry's ears had come the news of a New World, just as to-day the latest feat in a flying machine comes to *our* ears, but he stepped more warily than his Spanish and Italian allies. He had brought the country out of the darkness, but her coffers were empty and the war-scarred land was enough of a problem just then. So King Henry pursued his even way for many more years, strengthening the foundations of a great empire.

During this time, however, other countries had been busy, and when in 1492 the Spanish Caravels returned, laden with treasure from the New World, the seaboard towns of England grew restless and eager. In all the public-houses where mariners drank their tankards of ale there was much talk and many disputes as to whither the Great Admiral, as Columbus was called, had steered his course; and rough and weather-beaten faces grew red with turbulent argument as they bent over rude maps endeavouring to trace this wonderful voyage, each holding his own opinion and maintaining it with sturdy fist if need be. And as it often happened these arguments were wont to end in a brawl. For among the seamen there were many nationalities drawn to these seaboard English towns in the hope

that perchance some vessel might fare forth in search of the northwest passage which would carry them to that fabulous land of Cathay.

There were Danes, Norwegians, Frenchmen, Spaniards, and Italians, to say nothing of the brawny sons of "Merrie England" who hovered near the shipping.

In Bristol town, where the fair waters of the River Severn opened out to the sea, dwelt a well-known merchant with his wife and sons, one John Cabot, who about 1490 moved there from Venice where he had lived for many years. But whether he was a native of Venice or Genoa it is hard to say, as some historians call him the Genoese and others the Venetian. At any rate he settled down in England as the land of his adoption, as near the sea as possible. Consequently he chose Bristol as his home, for he traded on the high seas and from all accounts was a skilled mariner as well as a successful merchant.

The Venetians it seems had factories in the different towns and cities of the northern kingdoms, and scattered their agents where they thought there might be pleasant business relations. That John Gabota, or Cabot as he was called in England, was employed by these enterprising people up to 1495 has been proved by many who know their history. In that year, having done some service to the merchants of Bristol, he gained what for a long time

he had sought in vain — an introduction to Henry VII and access to his Court, to which the King welcomed men of learning, note, and usefulness; and already John Cabot was known as a wise and prudent navigator. He must have been over forty years old when he first approached Henry on the subject of new discoveries, but though a substantial citizen and a man of much influence there is little record left of him as a man.

The greatest men are modest, and John Cabot spent his time in deeds, not words. He took charts to Court where he was admitted to the King's privacy, and where no doubt he spread them out before the young Queen and the little princes and princesses, for Henry and Elizabeth had four children — Princess Margaret, afterwards Queen of Scotland; Prince Arthur, who died young; Prince Henry, who goes down in history as Henry VIII; and Baby Mary Tudor, who grew up to be a lovely, madcap princess and caused many a heartache among her admirers, for she was the only Tudor who believed in love for love's sake, and a direful time she had getting what she wanted!

But all this was never dreamed of while good Master Cabot was showing his maps and charts and his golden globe, for even before the discovery of 1492 learned men were quite convinced that the earth was round, and when he pointed out what he thought to be the long sought northwest passage,

the King and Queen followed him in wonder and the children listened as if to some legend or folk-tale, spellbound as he traced his course upon the map.

It was not like our map, we may be sure; in a certain way the old time maps were better guides than those of the present day. Cities were not represented by dots as on our modern atlases, but by the drawing of a castle or a palace; places of religious interest showed churches; sometimes there was a human figure, sometimes dragons or ships — all having some special meaning in reference to the map. A mountain, instead of being a furry-looking line, was really a carefully drawn elevation, and indeed all points of interest were presented with such painstaking exactness that the simplest mind could understand.

These maps were enormous, clumsy rolls, and when spread out on the King's great table it took John Cabot some time to explain things clearly to the royal family. Whether the Queen or the Princesses listened or not history does not record. No doubt Master Cabot was a fair talker, and it is very evident that he impressed King Henry mightily, to say nothing of the young Prince who stood as we have often seen him in his portrait — his short legs apart, his hands on his well-padded little hips, his small eyes twinkling with eagerness, his boyish mouth suppressing just the faintest kind of a smile

— that in later years became more deeply marked by a cruel sneer. But now he only stood apart and listened, while his father put keen questions to the navigator, receiving calm and direct replies that seemed to satisfy him, for he nodded more than once with an air of approval which the quick-sighted Cabot could not fail to note.

But Henry was a cautious monarch and history credits him with holding a firm hand on his money chests. He might well have done so, for the country was in terrible money straits when he came into power, but he kept great state in his household, was lavish in his hospitality, and generous to his family. He was a constant purchaser of rare books and costly musical instruments for the two Princesses who played the lute and the organ, and encouraged the fine arts with many a gift from the royal purse. Yet he was called miserly because he did not scatter gold abroad as recklessly as his predecessor. Still we must not forget that Richard had dark deeds to conceal, and money was often the price of silence; and that Henry's virtues were far ahead of the average men of his day. However, when it came to the expense of fitting out vessels for purposes of discovery it is quite true this wary monarch did hold back.

It was all very well for Queen Isabella of Spain to sell her jewels for Columbus's benefit — the Queen of England certainly should not do so!

If Master Cabot wished to venture on the seas he must find the means himself; the King would grant him "letters patent," giving him royal permission to undertake the voyages, and England would graciously allow him to bestow upon her any new lands he might discover, but she would not be responsible for possible failure. Consequently John Cabot, glad to get this much of the royal good-will, set about his preparations with much energy. These "letters patent" were granted on March 5, 1496, to John Cabot and to his three sons, "Lewes, Sebastyan, and Sancto, and to their heirs forever."

It took quite a year's time after obtaining the King's permission before John Cabot was able properly to equip a vessel,— some historians say two vessels — but of this we cannot be sure. Knowing the many dangers on voyages of discovery, it does seem somewhat improbable that so wise and able a mariner should have ventured out to sea with only one vessel and but eighteen men. Columbus took three vessels and had need of them all — but in Cabot's case it was different as the Crown bore no expense, and John Cabot might possibly have lacked the money necessary to man two ships.

However, Cabot sailed from the port of Bristol in the Spring of 1497. There was not very much stir made about his going. The harbour was always full of shipping, and the departure of any vessel drew a crowd of loiterers and seamen. There was

the usual sprinkling of women and children, there was the curious small boy of the Middle Ages studying the masts and rigging of the cumbersome vessels as the curious small boy of to-day studies the screws and chains and engines of our modern ships.

At last the word was given. John Cabot, accompanied by his son Sebastian, at that time about twenty-two or three years old, stepped aboard. The anchor was weighed and they were soon speeding toward the distant horizon-line. The mariners who watched the speck afar off were just beginning to understand that the horizon moved always with the moving vessel. Those on shore who watched the tips of the masts disappear had no fear now that the vessel had slipped over the edge of the earth, for had not Columbus proved by his voyages, and Master John Cabot by his charts, that the mysterious earth on which they lived was round? And a vessel would naturally disappear from view if it went over a round surface, and though it all came dimly to many of these untutored minds, the great Admiral had done it, Master Cabot had promised to do it, and they put their faith in him like simple trusting children, and prayed to all their saints for his safe return.

At the Court there was more interest. King Henry was waking up to the fact that Spain was flapping her wings over the sea as if she owned it and all the mysteries which lay beyond that dim

horizon-line; that she was taking credit to herself that her clear-sightedness had recognised the worth of Columbus when England would have none of him. This was not really so. Columbus, it is true, worn out with years of waiting at the Spanish Court, had sent his brother Bartholomew to ask King Henry's aid; but the messenger was waylaid by pirates and never reached his destination. Save for that accident, England might have been responsible for that first voyage — who knows!

At any rate, when the Spanish ambassador heard that John Cabot was about to sail for unknown lands, he wrote in all haste to Ferdinand and Isabella of Spain, and through this faithful servant the two rulers warned the King of England against encroaching on any of their new-found territory. Indeed John Cabot had no idea of going over the same course. In his mind, Columbus had failed to find the northwest passage to the Indies; *he* proposed to hunt for it and find it, and so open the way to fabulous wealth for England and a goodly share for himself. The wealth of the Indies has grown to be a common expression in these modern times, but in those days people spoke of the Indies with bated breath as a place where spices grew, and gold and silver and rich stuffs and precious stones abounded. It could be reached — of that all mariners were sure, and the northwest passage was the

gateway toward which all adventurers were heading.

When Spain sent her timely warning to King Henry, Cabot had already sailed, and for three months nothing was heard of the expedition. At length one day the port of Bristol was astir. The little ship had come back, and commander and crew were safe and sound. Had they found the northwest passage to India? That was always the first question. No, they had not found the passage, though they had steered for it at first. Then Cabot had ventured seven hundred leagues further west, striking a rugged coast-line that puzzled him greatly, just as Leif Eriksson and his men had been puzzled centuries before. John Cabot honestly thought that he had discovered the island of Brazil, the Seven Cities, and the Kingdom of the grand Khan, and England for a time went wild. He too was styled the Great Admiral, and walked the streets clothed in costly silks, nodding and bowing to the multitude. Soon after his return, August 10, he received a gift of ten pounds from the King —" to have a good time." And Henry, moreover, ordered the port of Bristol to pay him twenty pounds a year in recognition of his services.

Now as a matter of fact our good John was entirely mistaken as to where he landed. He was not anywhere near Brazil, and the Kingdom of the

great Khan was no kingdom at all so far as he could tell. He has given us to understand that the first land he struck was on June 24, 1497, and he named an adjacent island "St. Johns," because it was discovered on the saint's day of their landing. It is well known that mariners usually named their discoveries after the saint on whose day the event occurred, and as the day of St. John the Baptist occurs on June 24, we can be sure the landing was on the same day.

If only dear old John Cabot had been as fair a writer as a mariner, we might have fallen heir to some real bits of truth concerning his voyage and his landing, and many little interesting facts connected with his discoveries. But the honest old sea-dog never thought of these trivial items; he was *doing* great things — he couldn't take time to "write them up." He left all the details to his son Sebastian, and as one historian has said of him: "Sebastian Cabot was a man capable of disguising the truth whenever it was to his interest to do so," and that gentleman, through all his writings, took good care never to mention his father's name in connection with any special discoveries.

All we know is that he directed his course toward the North Pole, encountering great heaps of ice and long and continued daylight. After days of sailing in an opposite direction, he could see in the distance wooded shores free from ice, and towards

these he steered, driven out of his path, as the Vikings had been driven before him, through dread of the cruel icebergs which had destroyed many a giant ship and had sent many a stalwart soul to the bottom of the sea.

John Cabot was not a hero after the stern pattern of the old Norsemen. He was brave and fearless enough but he was a keen, prudent merchant above all things, and if the countries he might discover had no commercial value, why then they were nothing to him! He had traded as a merchant of Bristol with Iceland and Norway, and these North countries no doubt talked much of Greenland, but it is fairly certain that not one of the navigators suspected that Greenland was anything but a peninsula of Europe, and they were always trying to find some way around it to Asia, instead of trying to penetrate the vague coast line they could see for miles ahead.

Now, while Cabot firmly believed that his first landing had been on an island, as Columbus before him had believed, it has been proved by learned and conscientious historians that a wonderful thing happened when he touched land. Columbus discovered a New World when he planted the Spanish colours on the island of San Salvadore, and in 1498 he plunged into the tangled forests of South America. But John Cabot, when he came upon his "New-found-land," little knew that he would go

down in the annals of history as the discoverer of North America. *He* never dreamed of such a thing when he headed away from the sharp fangs of the icebergs; he simply steered his staunch little ship southward along the coast, guarded at first by frowning crags and rocky shores, then by wooded, gently-sloping lands broken by streams and rivers.

He left no record to tell us exactly where he first landed, though he brought home maps and charts and discoursed upon them; but centuries of careful research have proved beyond a doubt that Salem Neck, on the New England coast, was the spot — our chief guide being certain Indian names which clung to regions on account of their localities. At first he saw no inhabitants, but food was not lacking. The sea was so full of codfish that more than once the vessel had difficulty in forcing its way, and those who ventured upon the land found birds and game and wild animals. All these things John Cabot saw with his own eyes, and told the people of Bristol, who would have found it hard to believe if all the sailors had not said the same thing. For who was this Master John Cabot but a poor foreign-born mariner, who had promised them spices and jewels from Cathay? And after all he had not found the northwest passage — what was a mere little continent compared with that!

Yet when the old sailor was summoned to Court in all his silks and fine laces, he found that Henry

VII lent a willing ear to his story. The courtiers treated him with respect, the little princes and princesses fixed their round eager eyes upon him when he talked of the new lands and the strange sights, and the King gave him ten pounds. We must remember that Henry never rewarded unless the service had been great. Ten pounds does not seem such a large amount in these modern days when daring feats are performed and fortunes are bestowed. But money was scarce in Henry's time, and for all the excuses we might make it is a generally accepted fact that the King of England gave sparingly at best.

However, John Cabot and King Henry were the persons most concerned, and they seemed satisfied; so much so that the King gave his royal grant for the fitting out of six vessels the following year. For England was not slow to grasp the fact that a new land could be hers for the seeking, and these Venetians — father and son — seemed only too willing to lend themselves to such an enterprise.

Although the first grant was bestowed upon John Cabot and his three sons, "Lewes, Sebastian, and Sancto," the second was given to John Cabot alone, though Sebastian went with him on the voyage. Indeed, Sebastian is the only one who has ever been mentioned in connection with the discoveries, and there is no doubt that this clever young man, who accompanied his father everywhere, likewise

accompanied him to Court, and whatever Sebastian may have done, it is to him alone we have to look for some account of the second voyage. Otherwise we would have had no word at all, as from that time men and history lost sight of John Cabot.

The second voyage of the Cabots set forth in May, 1498, a goodly array of six ships manned and provisioned by the Cabots themselves. One of these ships put back to Ireland, but the others went dauntlessly on. The crews were not always picked men; they were often taken from the overflowing prisons, for the life of a criminal being of little value, it made no difference whether he was lost or not. So in this way a truly able commander was handicapped by the sullen natures with which he had to deal, and mutiny was no uncommon occurrence.

Whether John Cabot died of a sickness during the voyage or whether the desperate characters about him rose up against him — who can say? It is highly probable that Sebastian, being on another ship, knew nothing of his father's death at the time it happened, and when he did hear of it, the threats against his own life may have tied his tongue. All we know is that John Cabot was in charge of the five vessels that sailed from Bristol in the Spring of 1498, and when they returned in the fall of the same year Sebastian was in command. John Cabot was dead and his son had nothing to say

about it. What became of the wife and the other sons we can only guess. Bristol was merely the home of their adoption; the poor bereft lady doubtless went back to Venice with her oldest and her youngest boys, while Sebastian, though but the second son, seems to have fallen heir to whatever his father left behind him.

Sebastian Cabot, whose word was not reliable, declared that the little fleet going in a northwesterly direction got into water packed with ice. This forced them toward the South, and they landed at last on a cold, bleak shore where people clothed in skins came running to meet them. The five ships landed their crews all along this coast. The natives were for the most part friendly, but the expedition did not linger in these new waters. Sebastian Cabot had no wish to explore the new country. He was only anxious to get home and tell as many adventures as possible, and to open the eyes of the simple seafaring folk who would think him a great man.

It is true he did inherit to a marked degree his father's talent for map-drawing, and so uncertain was the geography of the new region that Sebastian could impose any drawing on these easily deluded people. He boasted of a third voyage across the Atlantic, in the reign of Henry VII, but was so very hazy as to dates that it was impossible to believe him. Yet the presence of three savages,

whom he presented to the King, seems to prove that he had been to parts unknown.

However that may be, Sebastian claimed the honour of presenting these savages at Court; but there is so much mystery about this last expedition that historians differ greatly. Indeed that wily gentleman's object seemed to be to puzzle historians, for after the death of Henry VII, in 1509, he moved to Spain (having married a Spanish lady) and offered his services as navigator to King Ferdinand. He was made Pilot Major of Spain, and from that time — what with accounts of voyages he never made and the drawing of maps that were wonderful works of art though doubtful guides — Sebastian Cabot grew to be a man of power and considerable wealth.

In 1517 it appears that another voyage was planned by Cabot, who went to England for the purpose, but no records have come down to us of such a voyage and it is hardly possible that Henry VIII, in the beginning of his reign, could have thought of anything outside of his kingdom and himself. The little Prince, with the sturdy legs, the small eyes, and the mouth with the cruel smile, was now monarch of England. He had no wish to discover new lands; his one desire was to hold his subjects in an iron grip, and if the high seas were open to them, many would escape his tyranny.

There is an old chronicle written in metrical style,

which gives us some idea of the wanderings of restless spirits like Cabot. In plain English prose it reads as follows:

"To the northward on this side lies Iceland, where men fish — and beyond that it is so cold, men cannot live there. The sea is called the Great Ocean, and it is beyond the power of man to measure its vastness. But within the last twenty years new lands were discovered toward the west — land which had never been heard of either by writing or any other means. Many have been there since, and have found the country vastly larger than the rest of Christendom. Many mariners have sailed along the coast for as much as five thousand miles, and what treasures this country holds — none can tell or imagine. Yet not long ago, with the King's consent, some men of England went to search for this land but never reached it; they were misled and betrayed by false promises of mariners who would not sail further than for their own lust and pleasure. Wherefore that voyage and many others the Caitiffs have destroyed. Oh! what a thing it would have been if Englishmen had been first of all to take possession, to erect the first buildings and habitations — such a thing to remember — an honour to the King and to the realm — to have dominion over such distant territory — which the noble King Henry VII, of late memory, was the first to find."

This gives us some idea of what the English people thought of these many voyages that went forth and returned with nothing. John Cabot, had he lived, might have accomplished something. But Sebastian drifted first to Spain; then he stealthily offered

his services to England; afterwards there was some very shady correspondence with Venice, followed by a most disastrous voyage to the Rio de la Plata. Cabot's conduct on that expedition caused his arrest and trial on his return to Spain, but he was acquitted of all blame for any misfortune, and reinstated in his high office. But Cabot owed allegiance to no country. With him it was always a question of money and advancement, and England was waking up on the question of navigation. Here his maps and charts, his experience and advice would have their weight. So he finally settled there, an old bearded man of much dignity and influence, despite his many failures and misdeeds. Always with his finger in the pie of discovery, hoping like little Jack Horner to "pull out a plum." Yet he discovered nothing beyond that first venture when old John Cabot had the helm and eighteen trusty seamen set foot on the shores of North America.

For the rest of his life England was his home. He had lived in the reigns of three kings and a Queen of England, enjoying much honour and the title of Pilot Major of England. While he accomplished nothing in the way of adding new territory to the kingdom, and though at the last his great age held him back from new adventure, his was the hand that guided every movement toward the New World.

It was Cabot who, in 1551, suggested to the Merchant Adventurers that, after all, the passage to Cathay might be by way of the northeast instead of the northwest, and it was under the auspices of this Company and Cabot's advice that Sir Hugh Willoughby set forth on his ill-starred voyage. With three vessels, carefully chosen crews and commanders, and thirty-three wise rules laid down and signed by Sebastian Cabot himself, as Governor of the Merchant Adventurers, it seemed as if good fortune would surely follow them. The names of the ships would almost seem to insure success; they were the *Bona Esperanza,* the *Edward Bonaventure,* and the *Bona Confidentia.*

The *Bona Esperanza,* commanded by Willoughby himself, was the flag-ship. The *Edward Bonaventure* was commanded by Richard Chancelor, Pilot Major of the fleet, and the *Bona Confidentia,* the smallest vessel of all, was in charge of Cornelius Durfoorth, master of the ship. There was also a Council, appointed by Cabot, of trusted men from all the ships to consult together in times of stress. So it seemed as if nothing could go amiss.

They sailed from Ratsliffe on Wednesday, May 10, 1553, determined to find the longed-for passage to Cathay, Sir Hugh Willoughby, in the *Bona Esperanza,* leading the way with the *Bona Confidentia.* The faithful commander kept records of each day that drove them nearer and nearer into the

jaws of death. From the 10th of May till the 18th of September they were buffeted by the winds and the cold, having in the meantime lost the *Edward Bonaventure* entirely. According to Cabot's directions, they made straight for the northeast and entered the Arctic Ocean. On September 18th, they reached what they thought was a sure haven, and they saw seals and huge fish, while on the mainland were bears, great deer, foxes, and other strange beasts.

Here they determined to pass the Winter, living from day to day in hope of rescue, managing to keep alive in this desolate Lapland until some time in January, 1554, when to the last man they perished of the cold on board their two ships. Here they were discovered the next Summer by some Russian fishermen, and if we can believe in the old legends, "the corpse of Willoughby was found seated at a table in the cabin of the flag-ship, with a pan in his hand, the ship's journal before him, and all his companions around him in various life-like attitudes."

The *Edward Bonaventure* was the only ship that returned to England, having drifted into Russian seas instead of the freezing Arctic Ocean, and through the White Sea back into English waters.

Richard Chancelor, who commanded the ship, opened in this unexpected way a trade with Russia which, though not the Cathay for which Sebastian

Cabot hoped, held forth great hopes to the Merchant Adventurers who were incorporated under charter into a regular company during the reign of Philip and Mary. Cabot was made Governor of the new organization, which took the name of the Muscovy Company and whose trade soon spread over the known world, sending many adventurers across the great Atlantic.

In the reign of Queen Elizabeth the famous deeds of Sebastian Cabot gave the spur to Sir Francis Drake, Sir Martin Frobisher and, indirectly, Sir Walter Raleigh, whose exploits and discoveries are written down in the annals of history.

In the years 1577-80, Drake passed the Strait of Magellan and, following the coast northward as far as some point in nothern California or southern Oregon, took formal possession of the country, calling it New Albion. Then, crossing the Pacific to the Molucca Islands, he returned to England by the way of Good Hope, thus completing the second sailing round the world, Ferdinand Magellan's being the first.

About the same time, Sir Martin Frobisher made three voyages and entered the strait which is named after him, also passing through Hudson's Strait in his vain search for a passage to Cathay.

Thus through many reigns and many changes the hand of Sebastian Cabot was felt in England. He had given no new territory, he had brought no new

treasure and much disaster into the country, but he had held a torch aloft to English seamen that made them look beyond the horizon-line which bounded their little country, and which sent them finally to the shores of the virgin world which the Vikings had deserted centuries before.

CHAPTER IV

THE FINDING OF AN OCEAN

AFTER the discoveries of Columbus, Spain might be pardoned for the arrogance with which she proclaimed herself mistress of the high seas and ruler of all the new countries at which the navigator touched in his four voyages. The claims of the Admiral himself, of his brothers and his sons were often set aside or forgotten, while the Spanish grandees squabbled over the acquisition of this new world territory.

These lands were the islands which we have grouped together and called the West Indies, and they are not far distant from Central America, that fertile strip between the two great continents of North and South America.

We know how the irregular coastline of North America narrows into Central America, which curves around the Caribbean Sea on its eastern side, while from the mountain peaks of Darien, the slender neck of land which dips down into South America, one can see the bright blue waters of the Pacific Ocean stretched out as far as the eye can reach. But no one knew that there was a sea of

such vastness until many years later when the great Admiral had given up the fight for power and lay quietly sleeping under the stones of the Franciscan Monastery at Valladolid,— forgotten for the time while eager adventurers over-ran his possessions in the New World.

In 1509, three years after his death, his son Diego Columbus, accompanied by his wife, Maria de Toledo, and a large force of loyal followers, came out to San Domingo to take over the government of what he justly considered his father's possessions. But King Ferdinand, while he spoke fairly, was underhanded in his dealings, and already two of his Court favourites had been sent on exploring voyages in the very region which by right should have been reserved for Columbus and his heirs. To these favourites Ferdinand gave the governorship of two provinces which he created for them.

To the share of Alonzo de Ojeda fell the country between the gulfs of Darien (or as it was then called Uraba) and Maracaibo; and to Diego de Nicuesa were given the Veragua and Honduras coasts from the Gulf of Uraba to Cape Gracias a Dios. The province assigned to Ojeda did not encroach on the great Admiral's possessions, but that of Nicuesa certainly did, and the idea of appointing a governor for that region without so much as consulting the Admiral's family was nothing more nor less than an insult.

Added to all this, these two favourites of the King, while both renowned and able men, were in a certain way adventurers and free lances. Soldiers of fortune we would call them to-day,— brave, reckless, improvident, indeed not the men to have placed in their hands the reins of government. To begin with, there was rivalry between the two governors and both were heartily disliked by Diego Columbus, who refused to allow either to use the Island of Jamaica as a centre of supplies. So in the matter of obtaining food they decided somewhat unwisely to trust to luck, for the country was fertile and scarcity of food seemed the last thing to expect.

Ojeda, with his well-manned, well provisioned ships, started first from Hispaniola, and had he kept straight on his way all would have been well. He reached the Gulf of Uraba — the seat of his territory — safely enough, and while not threatened with immediate famine, the food supply needed replenishing. So he rashly decided to go ashore with a force of men and catch a few slaves whom he could send back to Hispaniola in exchange for food. Hispaniola was one of the West Indian group of islands and already contained two settlements — San Domingo and Isabella. Now, the Indians around the Gulf of Uraba had grown very cunning. Finding that their arrows were no match for the Spanish cross-bows and gunpowder, they rubbed poison on the tips, and even the chain armor

of the Spaniards was not proof against this. So the result of Alonzo de Ojeda's sally was a loss of about seventy men, while Ojeda himself was picked up and carried aboard ship in a starving condition.

Meanwhile Nicuesa, who had been delayed in *his* setting forth by a sudden arrest for debt (these adventurers were usually penniless and at the mercy of money-lenders), finally appeared upon the scene, and the plight of his former rival stirred his sympathy. The meeting was very cordial and many courtesies were exchanged. Then Nicuesa passed on to his territory, while Ojeda stopped at the entrance of the Gulf of Uraba and began to build the town of San Sebastian. But famine scowled upon the land and the starving colonists would have gone any length to obtain food. It is not to be wondered at that when a pirate ship touched this forlorn coast, and the captain talked of booty to be taken from the other islands, Ojeda decided to go with him in quest of supplies. He left his ships behind him, and it was understood that if he did not return within fifty days his men would be free to do as they pleased. He left in command of his desolate colony one Francisco Pizarro, a man of humble birth but destined to play a great rôle in the world's history.

Poor Ojeda never did return. He had a sad time of it on the pirate ship among a gang of ruffians. Finally the ship was wrecked on the Cuban coast

and at last, after long wandering, Ojeda, the brilliant, dashing, reckless soldier, succeeded in reaching San Domingo more dead than alive. His friends turned from him, his party was scattered, there was nothing to live for, and so in misery he died, not knowing that even while the light of hope burned dim an expedition was hurrying across the gulf to aid the survivors of the expedition.

Such was the fate of Nicuesa. Out of seven hundred men who had gone forth joyously from Hispaniola in 1509, at the close of the following year only seventy remained huddled in a small blockhouse at the other end of the isthmus which they called Nombre de Dios. Famine and privation had turned them from men to wild animals seeking what they could devour, and it is small wonder that the unfortunate Nicuesa should have grown mad under the strain, as we shall see later.

The first relief expedition from Hispaniola went in aid of Ojeda's colony of San Sebastian, probably crossing the disheartened adventurer on his home mission. There were two ships loaded with provisions, horses and ammunition, and commanded by a lawyer, the Bachelor (lawyers were called bachelors in those days) Martin Fernandez de Enciso, well known as a historian and geographer. Having invested some money in Ojeda's enterprise, he decided to take charge of the expedition and see for himself the state of affairs in San Sebastian.

He was an honest man but obstinate and self-willed, not a fit person to command.

The ships were full of barrels, some containing bread and other food, some filled with gunpowder, but in one of these barrels, quite unknown to the Bachelor Enciso, reposed the stalwart figure of a young man. How he got there no one told. But there he was, and when the vessel was well out at sea he climbed from his barrel and stood before the commander, a handsome, dashing cavalier. His name was Vasco Nuñez de Balboa, as penniless as he was good-looking, and he had taken this rather original way of dodging his creditors. He was fond of adventure and he knew every body of water, every strip of land in this part of the world. And though Enciso was boiling with rage at the trick played upon him he had either to throw Balboa into the gulf or take him along.

The first idea would have been rather foolish, for the young man had both experience and courage. Enciso decided to make use of him in rescuing the remnant of Ojeda's expedition at San Sebastian. This was a wise decision even though the narrow-minded, hard-headed old lawyer did not know how wise. His one object was to reach San Sebastian or at least to trace the wanderings of the little band wherever they might be. He found them at last in the harbor of Cartagena, crowded into a single unseaworthy vessel in command of Francisco Pi-

AN INDIAN ENCAMPMENT

zarro — thirty woe-begone, half-starved men — all that remained of the three hundred who went forth with Ojeda! Enciso was a Spaniard; he knew by past experience the treachery of his countrymen, and he hastily though at the same time naturally jumped to the conclusion that Pizarro and his men had murdered their leader. With some difficulty he was convinced that this was not the case, and learned of the disasters that had overtaken the colonists at San Sebastian, ending with the loss of one of their ships with every soul on board.

Enciso decided to lead them all back to San Sebastian, which he accordingly did. But his own ship struck on a rock before she was unloaded, and was lost. So with his own weakened force, taking refuge in Pizarro's ship, he entered San Sebastian. He found there nothing but a heap of ruins, the fort and the houses having been burned by the Indians. This was enough to discourage the stoutest heart. But the heart of Vasco Nuñez de Balboa was not fashioned that way; he had come because he loved adventure. Smooth sailing would not have suited him at all, and the difficulties which now confronted his companions had no terror whatever for him. He told them that across the Gulf of Uraba (or Darien as we know it now) lived a rich and powerful Indian tribe; they had many villages and much treasure, at which these avaricious Spaniards pricked up their ears. Gold was their watch-

word; it meant power, it meant dominion, it meant everything to the explorers of that day. It meant nothing to Balboa but an accumulation of debt from which he had just mercifully escaped. Gold pieces never stayed with him; he scattered them right and left when they came to his hand, and lived on his wits when his pockets were empty.

Love of adventure, daring and boldness were the chief characteristics of this young Spanish grandee, tempered and softened by a certain nobility which has made him a marked figure in history. He wished to accomplish great deeds in this new world — not for the love of gold but for the love of his Sovereigns and for the glory of discovery. He had hovered about this coast of Darien; he had a strange, romantic feeling that over the mountains that loomed in the distance, on the other side of the isthmus, lay something of vast importance. He never dreamed at that time of the great silent ocean waiting for his coming, but he *felt* that the more eagerly he pushed on towards those ever beckoning mountains the nearer he would get to his heart's desire. So he urged the despairing settlers of San Sebastian to quick action. They took advantage of fair weather, and after building several rough ships in which to cross to the other side of the gulf they embarked full of enterprise and hope, inspired by the enthusiasm of Balboa, determined to conquer and possess the Indian villages.

They landed at the mouth of the Darien River, and Bachelor Enciso, putting his men in material array, went forward to storm the Indian strongholds. The Indians saw them coming and prepared for battle. It was a desperate fight, for the brave chief, Zemaco, defended his people right valiantly. He sent the women and children to a place of safety, and with five hundred of his bravest warriors he scaled the wooded heights, and from this vantage ground could send his arrows and hurl his stones upon the enemy below. But they were no match for the warlike Spaniards. The Bachelor Enciso was no doubt a brave soldier and a great captain, even though he had his faults, and he led his men to a great victory. The warriors were soon put to flight and many of them were slain. The Spaniards entered the village, sacking and plundering everywhere. For months these half-starved soldiers had never seen such plenty and so much gold; it was just as Balboa had told them, and he became instantly the most popular man in the new settlement, to which the precise and formal Enciso gave the high-sounding name of Santa Maria de la Antigua del Darien.

The settlers, elated over their victory, forgot for the moment that they had encroached upon the territory of Nicuesa. They remembered it however when their leader assumed command of the new-made town and forbade all trading with the

natives for gold. This did not please the adventurers who were after gold and plunder.

Now, although Balboa was really above such things, he bore no good will to Enciso who, when the former emerged from the famous cask, had threatened to cast him on some desert island. So when he saw the men were dissatisfied, Balboa cleverly stirred them to rebellion. There is an old saying that "all's fair in love and war," and while according to our modern teachings Balboa's conduct may not have appeared very honourable, in those dark mediæval days it is doubtful if this daring young adventurer had even a prick of conscience when the unpopular Bachelor Enciso was at last deposed by his advice.

Then arose quarrels in the colony as to who should govern it. Some favoured Vasco Nuñez himself; others, remembering the absent Nicuesa, thought the right should be held in trust until something was known of his fate. In the midst of all the disturbance two ships arrived, commanded by one Rodrigo Colmenares, which had been sent out in search of the missing governor. This seemed an answer to their difficulties. Nicuesa was their lawful head, and if he could be found all would be well. Cruising along the coast toward the west, searching every bay and harbor, Colmenares discovered at last a brigantine belonging to Nicuesa at a small island in the sea. This vessel piloted him

to the port of Nombre de Dios, where he found the unhappy Nicuesa living in abject misery, surrounded by a handful of haggard, gaunt men — all that remained of a once gallant and powerful band!

Colmenares was received by Nicuesa with joy and tears, but suffering and privation seem to have turned the brain of this once splendid courtier. He assumed the arrogant bearing of a governor already high in power, and the haughty nobles who had come to his rescue began to feel sorry that they had taken such trouble on his account. He had become so overbearing, even before he set sail, that when the people of Darien heard of his approach they were in a great panic. Then Balboa, the courtier, just at the right moment whispered the right word: "If you do not want Nicuesa as your governor there is no need to let him land," and this was the torch to the flame.

Headed by the now popular Balboa, a great multitude assembled on the shore to wait the coming of Nicuesa. When, all unsuspecting, his ship hove in sight, he was warned by loud voices from the shore not to attempt a landing. In vain he entreated but he received insulting replies and there were threats of violence should he disregard this warning. As night was coming on he was forced to put out to sea, but the next morning he returned and was foolish enough to land. Then in spite of Balboa's remonstrances, he was set upon by the

people and chased over the island. Balboa himself was surprised at the fury of the populace. Though he felt sorry for Nicuesa and for his part in the rebellion, he could do nothing for the unhappy governor who was at the mercy of the mob. They put him with his companions on board a crazy old ship, and turned them adrift into the sea. And that was the last seen of poor Nicuesa; he probably perished on some desert island.

Vasco Nuñez rose like a meteor to the highest place. At first he was blamed as being directly responsible for Nicuesa's undoing and his almost certain death, but that was of course absurd. There was one enemy, however, who caused Balboa no little trouble. The deposed Enciso used his bitter tongue whenever he could. Had Balboa been like other leaders of his time this annoyance would have been ended by the death of the quarrelsome Bachelor. But to kill a man in cold blood because he was disagreeable was not Balboa's way. What he wished to do was to put him out of Darien, to send him to the farthest corner of the earth. He should go back to Spain; and accordingly he was sent there guarded by one of Balboa's trusted friends. But the old lawyer gained the ear of the King and brought enough accusations against Balboa to cause Ferdinand some anxiety. Besides which, being a selfish and grasping monarch without the high thoughts and noble achievement of his consort

Isabella, his mind was inflamed by the stories of Darien's riches. He really believed, as did all his courtiers, that gold could be fished up in nets from the river!

He determined, therefore, to fit out an expedition for the apparent purpose of bringing Balboa to trial for the many crimes of which Enciso had accused him, but really to go a-fishing in these gold-embedded rivers, and to haul in treasure for the Spanish coffers. The commander of the expedition was an old cavalier named Pedro Arias de Avila, a name shortened by the Spaniards into Pedrarias. Under him were about twenty-five ships manned by two thousand souls — the largest enterprise ever undertaken. In the train of Pedrarias were many noble gentlemen who were much better fitted to command than this irascible old fellow, already over seventy. Chief among them was De Soto whose adventures later led him elsewhere. There were besides, Quevedo, the new Bishop of Darien, and Espinosa, the Judge. Pedrarias was also accompanied by his wife, a very high-minded and noble woman who later endeared herself to the colonists by her many acts of kindness.

Meantime, Balboa, rid as he thought of a great pest, set himself earnestly to work to build up a substantial colony. He was more than the dashing, romantic cavalier; he was a sane and wise ruler, beloved no less among the people whom he led to

victory against the savages than by the Indians themselves who, when captured by his soldiers, received mercy at his hands. This drew about him many Indian allies.

Into the life of this hardy adventurer came suddenly the glimmer of a romance. After the fateful disappearance of Nicuesa, Balboa sent two brigantines back to Nombre de Dios, the deserted settlement of the poor little governor, to rescue the few followers who had been left behind. They were only a handful of woebegone men, but they were overjoyed at leaving this dismal place. Coasting homeward on the shores of the Isthmus they picked up two more Spaniards, clad in skins and painted up like Indians. These explained that they had fled from Nicuesa's ships to escape punishment, and had taken refuge with an Indian chief named Careta, the Cacique of Coyba, by whom they had been well treated. But these faithless men, the moment they found themselves among their countrymen, were only too eager to betray their kind host. They fed the soldiers' avarice by tales of immense booty to be found in the chief's own dwelling, and it was decided to send one of the traitors to Balboa at Darien with this story, while the other stayed with the unsuspecting Careta, to be there at his betrayal.

Balboa was delighted at the news that there was so much treasure near at hand, and, gathering a

large body of men, he marched to Coyba, where the chief received him with great hospitality. Vasco Nuñez asked for provisions for his colony, and on being refused listened to the counsel of the Spanish outcast who had remained to betray his benefactor. He fell upon the Indians at dead of night, rousing them from a deep sleep to death and captivity. Careta, with his wives and children and many of his people, together with a hoard of provisions, was hurried on board ship and taken back to Darien. The poor, despairing chief, seeing his family in chains, sued for freedom, promising all the riches of his land and his undying friendship if Balboa would release them. Finally, as a last argument, he drew forward his daughter, a beautiful Indian maid.

"She is yours," he said to the gallant leader, "if you do but free her people." Balboa, looking into the soft pleading eyes of the trembling girl, forgot victory, ambition, and all the countless deeds which made the sum of his daily life. Yet, poor little Indian maid, through no fault of her own she was the cause of his tragic death at last! Careta and his people were restored to their lands and the most friendly relations always existed between them and the settlers at Darien.

By this time Balboa knew from his friend in Spain that Predrarias was on his way to arrest and to try him for treason. Gradually all his

sleeping passion for adventure and discovery awoke within him. If, before the coming of Predrarias, he could accomplish something that might add to the glory of Spain, he would reinstate himself in the favour of the sovereigns. He was ever looking upward toward the mountain peaks of Darien. Beyond those he knew lay something, and before Predrarias had time to cross the ocean he meant to carry himself and his followers beyond the reach of prison and arrest.

In one of his excursions through the country he came upon an Indian province of vast importance. It was called Comagre, and it was ruled by a chief of the same name. It was situated at the foot of a lofty mountain — a beautiful fertile plain of many leagues. The cacique, as the chief ruler was called, entertained Balboa and his followers with great hospitality. He had seven stalwart sons who all vied with one another in their attentions to the strangers. The eldest,— a specially fine young warrior of keen intelligence — seeing that the Spaniards were avaricious, thought to gratify them by gifts of gold. Accordingly he gave to Vasco Nuñez four thousand ounces wrought into ornaments of various sizes and shapes. Setting aside one-fifth for the Crown, which was his invariable custom, Balboa gave the rest to be divided among his followers, who immediately began to quarrel among themselves as to the size and value of each

share. The young Indian was disgusted; he could not understand why men cared so much for gold. It was but a trifle, after all, fit only to be fashioned into those ornaments which made a warrior splendid or a maiden fair.

"If you love it so much," he cried, "that you are willing to leave your homes and suffer hardships in the search for it, I can tell you of a region beyond these lofty mountains where gold runs in many streams down the mountain-sides into a vast sea." This wonderful sea, he told them, could be viewed from the top of these mountains, and upon its blue waters were many ships. Many powerful kings ruled along its borders, and gold was so plentiful that men ate and drank from golden vessels.

The greedy Spaniards smacked their lips, but Vasco Nuñez de Balboa heard the word sea and thought no more about the gold. He eagerly questioned the young chief and soon knew all the difficulties which lay in his path to the summit of the mountains. There were warlike savages to conquer on the way; there were virgin woods to penetrate; there were even cannibals to encounter, and countless perils of which the white men knew nothing. Above all, at least one thousand men would be necessary for such an undertaking. The menacing dangers of the expedition only stirred Balboa's enthusiasm the more. Now that he knew a great sea lay beyond the mountains, every hope and

desire pointed that way, and the offer of the young cacique to accompany him at the head of his father's warriors drew the two men together in a strong bond of friendship. Between them they planned the discovery of this great Southern sea.

Having this fixed purpose in his heart, Balboa became a changed man, and through every subsequent adventure his one object was to gain the friendship and good-will of people who would become his allies and would grant him men and provisions for the great undertaking. Many adventures had this son of Spain, so many indeed that his stalwart figure towers in history and flashes in legend. He was a man of marvelous prowess in a day of great deeds; of singular courtesy and gentleness in a period when treachery and brutality were the common characteristics of the Spanish conquerors. Withal he had in view a noble ambition for which he was willing to lay down his life. He would find this sea beyond the mountains; he would look down upon its waters; he would plant upon its shores the standards of his church and of his country.

He wisely decided not to wait for the royal permission, but knowing that the Admiral, Diego Columbus, was all-powerful in Hispaniola, he applied indirectly to him, and received, we are told, "a commission which clothed him with at least the semblance of royal sanction." Then he hesitated

no longer. He could not wait for a thousand soldiers; before they arrived from Spain he might probably be in irons, so there was no time to be lost!

He picked from the colony of Darien one hundred and ninety hardy soldiers, all devoted heart and soul to him and all aware of the dangers which they would encounter. Attached to this small but well-armed force were several blood-hounds which were sure and terrible allies in Indian warfare. One, named Leoncico, has been faithfully described by many historians; he was Balboa's body guard and specially attached to him, and his very name was a terror to the Indians. His ugly reddish-yellow body was scarred with wounds received in innumerable battles, and his black muzzle did not always hide the cruel teeth that did their deadly work. Besides the soldiers and the dogs, Vasco Nuñez took with him a good number of friendly Indians who knew the wild passes of the mountains and could talk the language of the mountaineers. So this handful of men set forth to find an ocean.

Balboa embarked with his followers on September 1st, 1513, and sailed for Coyba, the dominion of his Indian wife's father, Careta. Here he left half his men, and with the other half he set forth to penetrate the wilderness which led to the mountains. It is needless to describe that difficult and toilsome march,— the terrible heat of the tropical

land; the rocky precipices they climbed; the tangled forests through which they struggled; the battles they fought. History gives no vivid accounts, and from our knowledge of Balboa we may perhaps understand how through thick and thin his men stood by him. Even though many sank by the way, the sixty-seven who remained, when at length they reached the foot of the long desired mountain, were vigorous and eager to reach the summit.

The early dawn of September 26th found the resolute little party assembled under its shadow, each man filled with the spirit of discovery. The way to the summit of this frowning eminence was rugged and the toil was severe for men already tired out. But not one hung back. When at last they emerged from the dense woods into the open, there remained but the bald and barren summit of the mountain between them and their first glimpse of this unknown sea. Balboa motioned his men back; he had the right to scale that height alone, and they loved him so — these trusty followers — that they did not grudge him this crowning joy.

Who can tell his feelings as his gaze swept the shimmering blue waters which stretched out as far as the eye could reach! For a few rapt moments he stood there lost in the wonder and the glory of it. Then he sank upon his knees and thanked God in a loud voice, while his followers crowded eagerly

about him. Up on the mountain top men went wild with joy and wept and laughed and sang in the madness of it all, and praised their leader and embraced one another and did many other unreasonable and ridiculous things. Truly, to find an ocean was as wonderful a feat as to find a continent, and Vasco Nuñez de Balboa rose to the highest pinnacle of greatness.

For three days the little party busied themselves with erecting a huge cross on the top of the mountain, and preparing for the solemn ceremony of taking possession of the ocean in the name of the Sovereigns. On the 29th of September, with a banner in one hand and a drawn sword in the other, Balboa marched solemnly into the rolling surf, his followers streaming after him, and took possession of the ocean and of all the shores washed by its waves, in the name of the Spanish Sovereigns. It must have been a most impressive sight, and it lived in the hearts of men long after Vasco Nuñez had paid the forfeit.

Even now men were planning his downfall. Even now the beautiful country he had governed so wisely was about to fall into the hands of an unscrupulous governor who ravaged and pillaged and turned the hearts of the hitherto friendly Indians to bitter enmity. The one jewel that he guarded, his young Indian wife, was insulted by one who had

been his friend. There were hard words between the men, and this false friend became the secret enemy who undid him.

Relations were always strained between Balboa and the old governor, Predrarias. Balboa did not approve of his cruel Indian warfare and his way of ruling the colony; so complained openly to the King in a straightforward, manly letter. This brought matters to a climax; the Governor was incensed. Bishop de Quevedo patched up matters as well as he could by proposing a marriage between Balboa and the daughter of Predrarias, never dreaming that Balboa considered himself legally married to the Indian girl. But Balboa was the true knight of this forest child, and no one else had ever touched his heart. However, as the daughter of Predrarias was far away in Spain and her father seemed in no hurry about the marriage, Balboa allowed the proposal to stand. He set forth on his last famous expedition which was to carry the materials for the building of four ships across the mountains, to a certain point where they were to be put together and launched on the Pacific.

Acla was the new port where this stupendous work was carried on, and while busy among his ship builders Balboa's false friend, Garavito by name, whispered in Predrarias' too willing ear that Vasco Nuñez never meant to marry his daughter; that he cared only for his Indian wife; and many other

false things which sealed Balboa's fate. He was sent for by the angry governor, and when, all unsuspicious, he hastened to obey the summons, he found himself enmeshed in a network of accusations, each one of which pointed to treason. It was plain from the first that Predrarias wanted the life of his enemy and would have nothing else. Defense was useless. Balboa from the first moment felt that he was lost. The old villain of a Governor, whose name has gone down in history as the emblem of all that was evil, thirsted for blood. And so was spilled, to gratify his hate, the best and noblest blood in Darien.

History recalls no fouler murder; history records few nobler lives; and, surely in those dark times, Balboa stood luminously forth. He was gentle, good, and true; he fought bravely, he lived nobly, he loved like a man, and he died like a hero. When his head fell, on that fateful morning, who gave a thought to the poor little Indian wife alone with her sorrow! Doubtless she found her way back to her people, and perhaps as the long, lonely years swept by she too may have climbed to the mountain top and looked down upon the broad bosom of the sea, and wondered and marvelled at the beauty of it. His sea it surely was, with its shimmering crests and foaming breakers — a monument to the memory of Vasco Nuñez de Balboa!

CHAPTER V

THE MAN WHO SAILED AROUND THE WORLD

ANOTHER illustrious name closely following that of Balboa was Ferdinand Magellan, a Portuguese nobleman whose blue blood and high spirit prompted him to the undertaking of what, next to the voyage of Columbus, was the greatest feat accomplished by the early explorers — sailing round the world from one unknown sea to another, through dangers and difficulties scarcely to be credited. Unlike most of his predecessors and contemporaries, he was virtuous, generous, and high-minded, often risking his very life for the safety of others.

He was born twelve years before Columbus set forth on his first voyage, and all we know of him are the deeds of his mature manhood. Of his childhood nothing seems very certain save that at an early age he was taken into the royal household. When he was twenty-five, a long leap of years between the child and the man, we next hear of him as a volunteer in the Armada, which set forth to conquer the East; and after seven years of many

adventures and hairbreadth escapes, he ceased to be an apprentice and became known and beloved among seafaring people.

One of his adventures took him under the command of one Sequeira, to Malacca, on the coast of Ceylon. It was the first time a European ship had ventured so far, but the spices tempted the captain, and he stopped there to take in a cargo of pepper and ginger. The Malays, a brown-skinned, cunning race, whose king was planning the destruction of the white traders, were allowed by the unsuspicious Sequeira to come on board their ships. All the small boats had been sent to the beach to collect the cargo, under the command of Francisco Serrano, and Sequeira, unconscious of any plot whatever, sat quietly playing chess on the deck of his own flag-ship. He was surrounded by the dark faces of his secret foes. It was a beautiful scene, we are told, of peace and sunshine, for homes rose from the hillside and the great citadel, with its bell tower, stood out clearly against the sky. At a given sign — a puff of smoke from this tower — the Malays were to fall simultaneously upon the men on the ship and those on the beach, and there was to be a general massacre.

But a Persian woman in love with one of the officers betrayed the whole plot just in time, and Magellan, in the only boat left, rowed for the flag-ship, shouting "Treason!" in his mighty voice — a

shout which echoed over the hills, upon the ships and along the beach. Serrano and a few of his men sprang into their boats and pushed out to sea, though most of their comrades were slaughtered on the beach as the signal came from the tower. Magellan's shout, however, had saved Sequeira, and the Portuguese sailors fell upon the Malays and chased them from their decks. Poor Serrano would have had a bad time in the sea, with the light boats of the Malays pursuing, had not Magellan come to the rescue, battling with such fury that Serrano was saved. As soon as all the surviving Portuguese were safe on the ships, a regular battle took place, but the European guns routed the Malays utterly.

After this episode, Magellan and Serrano became the most devoted friends, and it was through this friendship that Magellan's fancy for the sea took root and grew into the most wonderful voyage that history records. Spurred by Serrano's love of roaming the high seas and fighting pirates, if nothing else, a strong desire seized Magellan to go also into the new world, to seek for some passage to Cathay, although he had come to learn something more about the ocean stretching between the Malay seas and the new world.

For some unknown reason, he had to return to Lisbon, where he spent the mid-summer of 1512. He was eager to get back to the Indies, but some-

how or other he had found himself out of favour at the Court. So he offered his services to his country to fight the Moors in Morocco, and a Moorish lance wounded him in the knee, leaving him lame for life.

After that the King seemed to have no further use for him, so he became absorbed in map-making and the study of navigation which he soon mastered to the highest degree. Thinking of his friend Serrano, stationed at the Molucca Islands, Magellan arrived at the conclusion that he could reach them as well by a westward voyage as by going towards the east, and that there must be some passage. This idea was first submitted to King Emanuel of Portugal, but he was either too lazy or too cautious to be drawn into it, and his rejection of it only showed how true is the saying that a man is never a prophet in his own country. Magellan had either to abandon his whole project or turn to some other country for help. He told the King this, in his frank, bold fashion, and the King said he might do as he pleased. So Magellan straightway decided to offer his services to Spain,—lucky Spain who always came in for golden opportunities!

In October, 1517, Magellan reached Seville and was the guest of Diego Barbosa, a Portuguese gentleman who had been serving Spain for many years, and whose daughter, Beatrix, became Magellan's

wife. As the young couple were married before Christmas, there must have been an eager and an ardent courtship.

When Magellan was invited to the Court of Charles V of Spain, he went accompanied by his young wife, and found much favor in the eyes of the boy King, even obtaining the support of that wicked old Bishop Fonesca who had been the ruin of Columbus. It was finally agreed to fit out an expedition under Magellan's command, and it took over a year to equip the five small ships allotted to him by the Spanish government. They were not only small but they were old and much the worse for wear. It seemed to be the aim of those enterprising countries to keep their best ships at home and to send all the old tubs across the water; in case of their possible loss their owners would not then be out of pocket. For this same reason, the crews consisted for the most part of jailbirds and criminals, or at best unscrupulous adventurers who hesitated at no evil deed.

The five ships were,

The *Trinidad,* commanded by Magellan.

The *San Antonio*; Captain: Juan de Cartagena.

The *Concepcion*; Captain: Gaspar Quesada.

The *Victoria*; Captain: Luis de Mendoza.

The *Santiago*; Captain: Juan Serrano.

And out of this group of Captains there was but one in whom he could implicitly trust; and that was

Juan Serrano, the brother of his dearest friend.

The seeds of mutiny had already been sown by the wily King of Portugal, who, finding that Magellan had kept his word and that the Spanish expedition was ready to set forth, did all in his power to prevent it, even descending so low as to hire ruffians to waylay and murder him. But Magellan was above all petty fears, and, in truth, the mariner's rugged features, his firm, iron jaw, his beetling, shaggy brows, were awe-inspiring to evil-doers. Above all, he had an iron determination, and was the very man to command the motley crew he had,— two hundred and eighty men in all, Spaniards and Portuguese, Genoese and Sicilians, Flemings and French, Germans and Greeks, one Englishman from Bristol, and a few negroes and Malays. On the Portuguese he could rely implicitly, for they had cast in their lot with him when he left his country, and their watchfulness shielded him while ashore.

The little fleet sailed from the mouth of the Guadalquiver River on September 20, 1519, and three of his under Captains, Cartagena, Mendoza, and Quesada, had treason in their hearts and scattered it broadcast among their crews.

The good Barbosa and the lady Beatrix, Magellan's wife, who with her little son had been left behind, were terribly anxious. Barbosa sent a special caraval after the *Trinidad* with an urgent mes-

sage to Magellan to be watchful, for his Captains had determined to kill him should any dispute arise. But Magellan sent word to his father-in-law to be of good cheer; he was not afraid, and he would do his duty, whatever happened.

The chief record of this wonderful voyage was kept by the Chevalier Antonio Pigafetta, a gentleman from Vicenza, who went for the adventure, "for to see the marvels of the ocean," as he said. Indeed, these old records, handed down to us through the centuries, were, after all, the real history of our country.

The little fleet left the Canaries on October 3d, and ran toward Sierra Leone, where they were becalmed for three weeks. Later, storms drove the frail ships before them, and during this time, water grew scarce and rations were cut down, and there were rumblings of mutiny already.

The Spanish Captains began to whisper that a deserter from one country could not have the interests of another at heart, and that this man from Portugal was not loyal to the Emperor. The three traitors became very arrogant; Cartagena forgot himself and threatened and insulted the Commander-General on board the flag-ship. Magellan did not hesitate a moment; he was always quick and decisive in acting. Cartagena was put in irons and sent a prisoner to the *Victoria,* whose Captain unfortunately was one of the traitors.

The command of the *San Antonio* was given to another officer. This was a severe punishment which kept things quiet for a while.

By January, they had reached the coast of South America, at the mouth of the Rio de la Plata, but it was too broad to be the strait which Magellan was seeking. During February and March, they found themselves along the coast of Patagonia, the prey of winds and storms, and so unbearably cold that they were forced to seek a sheltered harbor at Port St. Julian, where at least they had plenty of fish. But the unusual hardships of the voyage, added to the men's villainous tempers, brought on the mutiny. They insisted there was no strait to be found. Food was becoming short and they clamoured to return to Spain. There had been too much strain on their worn-out ships, and so they had excellent excuse for turning back.

But Magellan had no ears for this sort of talk; nothing short of performance could be considered. If *he* could stand hardships, so could they; they would sail on until they found a strait or the very end of the continent. He pointed out to them the rich reward for the success of their labors, and he used neither sternness nor threats as he talked to them; but he was determined for all that. His arguments held good while the storm raged and there was work to do, but when they halted for the winter, as they were forced to do, the evil-minded

Captains whispered among the crews that Magellan was about to lead the Spanish ships to their destruction. Being a Portuguese, he would naturally serve his own King first. Finally, their dastardly plans began to take shape. The traitor Captains, Quesada of the *Concepcion,* Mendoza of the *Victoria,* and Cartagena, the deposed officer of the *San Antonio,* boarded that vessel on Easter Sunday (April 1) and put Alvaro de Mesquita in irons. Mesquita was Magellan's cousin and the officer in command. They put one of the mutineers in his place, and disarmed the loyal sailors in the crew. All this was done so quietly that Magellan, on the *Trinidad,* heard nothing of what was going on.

The next morning, feeling that three of the five ships were in their hands, the traitors felt that they could now go back to Spain if they chose; but to make their work good they must capture the *Trinidad* and murder the Commander. The little *Santiago,* under Serrano's command, would then become easy prey.

Magellan first knew that mutiny was brewing when one of his ship's boats was ordered insolently away from the *San Antonio,* with the remark that Magellan no longer had command of that ship. When Magellan heard this, he sent the boat in turn to the other ships, and soon learned that the *Santiago* alone was faithful.

The next move of the traitor Captains was to

send a message to Magellan to confer with them.

"Very well," replied Magellan, "only any conference must be held on my flag-ship." He spoke firmly, but the revolting Captains knew it was more than their lives were worth to venture within the grasp of the irate Commander. They even had the impudence to insist that he should come on board the *San Antonio*. All his bull-dog resolution rose.

Magellan believed that the *Victoria* was not quite so opposed to him as the other ships; consequently he made his first attack in that quarter. He armed a boatful of trusty men — a score at least — with Barbosa, his wife's brother, at their head. These he held in readiness while he sent out another boat containing Espinosa, his constable, and five assistants, whose order was to bring Mendoza, the Captain, to the flag-ship. He refused to go, and Espinosa sprang upon him and plunged a dagger into his throat. As he fell dead, the other boat came dashing up, and there was a wild fight on the deck of the *Victoria,* ending in the complete triumph of Magellan, who now had three ships under his command. So the two rebellious ones were soon surrounded. Barbosa in command of the *Victoria,* Serrano on the little *Santiago,* and Magellan himself on the *Trinidad,* attacked the *San Antonio* first, capturing Quesada and his men. Summary justice was dealt here. Quesada was beheaded, and the unruly crew reduced to submission. The *Con-*

cepcion, hearing of this surrender, did likewise. Magellan contented himself with casting the Captain, Cartagena, with Pero Sanchez, a guilty priest who had helped to stir up the mutiny, on the desert coast of Patagonia, to meet whatever fate was in store for them. All the other mutineers were pardoned and there was no more open revolt.

During the winter, however, the little *Santiago,* being a poor craft at best, was wrecked while reconnoitering, and her men were only rescued after dreadful sufferings. Serrano, the Captain, then took command of the *Concepcion.*

It was the 24th of August before spring came to that desolate land,— the land of giants as it was called, for the Patagonians, men and women, averaged six feet or more in height. On that day, the four ships, having been repaired and overhauled, proceeded on the long-deferred voyage. It was not until October 21st, after encountering violent storms on the way, that they entered a large bay called by Pigafetta in his Journal "the straight of Magellanus."

It was so much larger than any one had imagined that no one could believe it was merely a strait. That it was a sort of channel, connecting the great ocean through which they had sailed with some large body of water unknown, was a certainty in Magellan's mind. It was what he had been seeking, but it was so full of labyrinths and turnings

and twistings that it took this experienced mariner five weeks to find the right way out into the open sea beyond. Meanwhile, the malcontents on board the *San Antonio* were stirring again. Again Mesquita, the Captain, was put in irons, and quietly and stealthily the ship turned her prow towards Spain and stole away in the mazes of the strait, reaching home at last after a voyage of six months. When safely in harbour they screened themselves by telling all manner of lies about Magellan and his work.

Magellan, rejoicing over the finding of the strait, and thinking that the missing ship was lost, planted a cross on top of one of the high, over-shadowing hills, to guide them should they pass that way. At length his own crews became dissatisfied and suggested that they go back to Spain and rest content with what they had discovered. But Magellan, firm and resolute, declared that he would go on and do his work "if he had to eat the leather off the ship's yards."

It must have been a great day of triumph for Magellan when at length he reached an opening in the strait, through which he could see the broad, shimmering, peaceful waters stretched out as far as the eye could reach. His soul rejoiced, and he called this ocean, for so it looked, by the name it still bears,— the Pacific. And now came the worst experience they ever had — this crossing of a Sea

of Darkness, more dread because more unknown than that Columbus had crossed.

Provisions were growing scarce, so scarce indeed that at length Magellan's prophecy about eating leather came true. For here, translated into English, we have Pigafetta's word for it: "And having in this time consumed all their biscuit and other victuals, they fell into such necessity that they were inforced to eat the powder that remained thereof, being now full of worms. . . . Their fresh water was also putrefied and become yellow. They did eat skins and pieces of leather which were folded about certain great ropes of the ships."

He further describes how this leather was hung by a cord in the sea for four or five days before it was soft enough to eat. There was intense suffering on board the ships, but there was no way of escape except to go forward. To go back meant certain death, and deliverance might come at any time by pressing on. The sailors were too sick to mutiny; many had died, and all were so weak they could hardly lend their feeble aid to run the ships. But Magellan's stout heart never once gave up the fight, and after months and months of suspense he came, on March 6, upon a group of islands where the dreadful suffering was ended; for fruit and vegetables and meat could be had in great quantities. These islands they called the Ladrones, or the Isles of Robbers, because the savages, while

friendly enough, were unmitigated thieves, stealing whatever they could lay their hands upon.

On March 16, the three ships arrived at what we now know as the Philippine Islands, and Magellan and his men were the first Europeans to land upon them, though Eastern traders from China, Siam, and Sumatra were encountered there. Thus it was that Magellan dimly began to understand what a feat he had accomplished. He had sailed around the world, for his nautical knowledge told him that the Moluccas, the islands he wished to reach, were almost at his hand. He would soon see his friend, Francisco Serrano, and his iron heart leaped for joy.

But alas for all his short-lived hopes! He had braved untold dangers of the seas and the more dreadful dangers of his mutinous crews; he had conquered hunger and disease and death; and yet it was ordained that he should never carry the tale of his own triumph to Spain.

The sight of all the savages who inhabited the islands aroused in Magellan the spirit of the missionary, and he determined to convert these child-like creatures. He came from a country where religious persecution was deemed necessary if other methods of conversion failed, and Portugal was not far behind the cruel fanaticism of Spain. He made a treaty of alliance with the King of Sebu, one of the Philippine Islands, and he and his people

were only too eager to make bonfires of their idols and embrace Christianity.

Elated with his success, Magellan pushed his crusade against the savage tribes on the other islands, but, in spite of the King of Sebu's powerful help, did not succeed so well elsewhere. The royal savage, however, wished to use his new-born religion to humble his enemies. He thereupon, as a Christian King, demanded homage of the pagan King of Matan, another island of the group, and this being scornfully refused, the King of Sebu appealed to his ally, Magellan, who straightway undertook a crusade against this heathen.

Secure in the sense of doing his duty, honest and upright, and wishing to protect his new convert, and show him the almighty power of the God he had promised to worship, this brave mariner, this noble gentleman, "without fear and without reproach," ventured forth properly to punish and finally to convert the people of Matan.

He crossed over to the island from Sebu on April 27, 1521, and found the natives assembled and ready for war. He was amazed at the overwhelming force of them. There was a desperate fight, but the Spaniards were outnumbered and obliged to retreat to their boats.

Always brave as a lion in battle, Magellan covered their flight with his own body, until his helmet was knocked off. With his right arm disabled

by a spear thrust, a blow brought him to the ground, and the yelling, victorious savages fell upon him in a body, hacking him to death with all their weapons. Thus perished "our mirror, our light, our comforter, our true guide," writes the faithful chronicler Pigafetta.

The noble King of Sebu, seeing the disastrous battle from afar, decided that after all there was no good in Christianity. So in order to atone for the slight he had put upon his gods he cordially invited the leading Spaniards to a banquet, where they were cruelly slain. Among the men thus butchered were the faithful Captains Serrano and Barbosa. The remaining Spaniards took to their ships as quickly as they could, and as they sailed away they could see the savages chopping down the cross and going through their heathen, grotesque ceremonies.

And so the dispirited explorers turned homeward. Of the two hundred and eighty men who set out on this famous voyage, only one hundred and fifteen remained; of the five ships, only two. The *San Antonio* deserted, the *Santiago* was shipwrecked. The *Concepcion* before sailing from the island of Sebu was pronounced unseaworthy, dismantled, and burned to the water's edge. The *Trinidad* and *Victoria* made the best of their sad way homeward.

When the two ships reached the Moluccas, they

found that Magellan's friend, Francisco Serrano, had been murdered by order of one of the savage kings about the same time that Magellan himself had fallen in the fray at Matan. What suffering these poor seamen endured can never be recorded! It had taken the two remaining ships nearly a year after Magellan's death to equip themselves for the perilous journey home. There were now only one hundred and one men surviving. Fifty-four were destined for the *Trinidad,* and forty-seven for the *Victoria.*

The *Trinidad* had the worst time. Driven by contrary winds, she lost her main-mast and had to put back to the Moluccas with all but nineteen of her crew drowned or starved, and these poor creatures were seized by the Portuguese on shore and shamefully treated. Only the Captain, Espinosa, and three of the crew lived to see Spain again.

The little *Victoria* was equally unfortunate, but her one definite object was to steer for home. Driven by necessity to stop at the Cape Verde Islands, their desire was to keep the story about Magellan and his discovery from the knowledge of the Portuguese inhabitants; but the secret was betrayed by some of the men who had been sent ashore for rice. These men were promptly arrested and the *Victoria* was called upon to surrender, but she "stretched every inch of her canvas and got away." This was the thirteenth of July,

and on the sixth of September, just thirty years from the day Columbus weighed anchor for Cipango, the poor little battered *Victoria* sailed into Guadalquivir with only eighteen gaunt and haggard men to tell the direful story of this first voyage round the world.

Magellan was indeed, as historians have called him, the prince of navigators. Through undreamed-of hardships, with unseaworthy ships and untrustworthy crews, he attempted and accomplished this wonderful voyage, and in all his fair and open life there was nothing to excuse and nothing to hide.

Had there been any surviving members of his family, they would certainly have received the proud crest granted to the Captain, Eleano, who brought in the *Victoria* — a man who little deserved it since he had been one of the early mutineers. It read in Latin, *Primus circumdedisti me,* which translated means *Thou first encompassed me,* and this legend was belted round a globe. But there was no one to inherit the honors of Magellan. His little son, Rodrigo, died in September, 1521, and by March of the following year the gentle wife, who had heard of the fate of both her husband and brother, died we are told "grievously sorrowing."

Although the glowing picture of Balboa plunging into the great "South Sea" as he called it and taking possession of the waste of waters in the

name of Spain stands vividly forth in our minds, even more vivid is the image of the intrepid sailor piloting his little ships across the unknown Pacific, trusting in God and looking no further than his duty from day to day. Surely the name of Magellan sheds a great white light on the history of the world!

CHAPTER VI

THE CONQUEROR OF MEXICO

WHEN Don Diego de Velasquez was Governor of Santiago de Cuba, he was eager to add new territory to Spain's already tremendous possessions in the New World. The adventures of one Hernandez de Cordova, who sailed from Cuba in 1517 and discovered the peninsular known to-day as Yucatan, roused the Governor who had longings and dreams of conquest.

He determined also to fit out an expedition in quest of riches and fame, and he accordingly got ready four vessels under the command of his nephew, Juan de Grijalva, to follow in Cordova's footsteps, to penetrate farther and add more territory to the Spanish crown. In May, 1518, the young explorer set forth, and reaching the gulf, was the first to land on the shores of Mexico and to have any intercourse with the hitherto unknown nation of the Aztecs. He also discovered several islands, among which was San Juan de Ulua, in the present harbour of Vera Cruz, where a year later Cortes and his caravels found anchor. But

Grijalva overstayed his time, and Velasquez impatiently recalled him. He then decided to organise another expedition, and casting about for a leader, his choice fell upon Hernando Cortes, a young Spaniard who had not only brains but money and a keen adventurous spirit,— of all the Spanish explorers and conquerors the most noted in song and story.

Seven years before Columbus set forth on his first famous voyage, little Hernando or Fernando, as he is variously called by historians, saw the light in the town of Medellin, in Estremadura. No doubt the small boy heard much of the great Admiral, and as his father, Martin Cortes y Monroy, was a captain of light cavalry in the service of their Christian Majesties, Ferdinand and Isabella, doubtless also he heard much of war and fighting. There have been many efforts to prove that the boy had noble blood in his veins, but it seems that, though his family was most respectable, it could boast neither of rank nor of fortune. Little Fernando's first battle was with a very delicate constitution; he was a sickly boy, and it is very probable that in the fear of losing him, his parents "spared the rod and spoiled the child," for he grew up to be a headstrong youth.

At the age of fourteen, being of unusually active mind, his parents decided to educate him for the law, and sent him to the University of Salamanca,

where he stayed two years and took his degree at the age of sixteen. The law was considered a very honourable profession in those days, and Cortes's parents congratulated themselves upon so firmly securing their son's future. But Fernando, being a person of many surprises, discovered that he had no taste for such a career. His spirit was restless, and he hungered for arms and a life of adventure. Instead of becoming a rising young barrister, as his parents had hoped, he idled away his time and fairly threatened to disgrace them by his many escapades. Possibly it was a great relief to them that he had a wandering disposition and did not wish to live in Medellin. His first idea was to take service under the great military captain, Gonzalvo de Cordova, but adventures beyond the mysterious sea had even a greater attraction.

A friend of the family, Don Nicolas de Ovando, had recently been appointed Governor of the American Hispaniola and was about to sail in great state with a fleet of thirty ships. Young Cortes decided to join this expedition, but on the eve of sailing he had a fall, the result of some wild prank, and his bruises kept him in bed long after the fleet had gone. He then determined to join the army of Gonzalvo, which was in Italy, and when he had recovered he set out for Valencia, intending to enlist. He was gone for a year or two, and then, like the proverbial "bad penny," he turned up again in

Medellin where his parents, by this time glad to be rid of such a wayward son, agreed to give him enough money to follow Ovando to Hispaniola.

Madcap and roisterer though he was, there were two virtues which always shone forth in the life and character of Fernando Cortes. One was a strong religious streak, the other an absolute and unquestioning loyalty to his sovereign and devotion to his country. These points must be remembered as we follow the bloody trail of his conquests. He lived in a century when the Catholic Church ruled the world. "Their Catholic Majesties" King Ferdinand and Queen Isabella delighted in being called, showing how they themselves placed the Church far above their whole united kingdom.

Spain was noted for the iron hand with which she forced her people to embrace "the true faith." The men whom she sent forth to conquer the unknown nations of the New World were enjoined to tear down and demolish the idols of the heathen, and either to convert him or let him die the death of the unbeliever.

It was in this spirit that the Spanish explorers set forth, guided by signs and omens and saints and priests. St. Peter was the patron saint of Cortes from his birth, being chosen for the baby, as was the custom of the time, by the casting of lots, and Cortes firmly believed that the success of

every hazardous undertaking was dependent upon the good-will of the saint.

Commending himself therefore to the protection of St. Peter, he sailed in a trading vessel from the port of San Lucar de Barrameda, in 1504. There were five vessels in the little fleet, all heavily laden with merchandise for the Indies. Their course was by way of the Canary Islands, but these frail ships were always at the mercy of wind and weather, and this was a season of tempests. The bold mariners lost their bearings, and the storm-tossed vessels had little hope of ever reaching a haven.

At last, on Good Friday, so the story runs, when all were in despair, a dove suddenly appeared to them, perched on the ship's rigging, possibly some descendant of the dove who bore the olive branch to Noah after the flood. Wisely arguing that this dove must have flown from land, the little fleet followed its flight, and land was sighted on Easter day. Four days later they reached the port of Santo Domingo, and Cortes first set foot on American soil.

The dove was regarded by the superstitious as a bird of good omen and a manifestation of divine guidance, and Cortes himself was impressed with this idea. He was hospitably received in Santo Domingo, but it was not his intention to settle down

and improve the land. The blood of the fighter was in him, and the love of adventure rose to fever heat when he heard of the unknown regions as yet unexplored by the white men. Besides, as he explained, he had come to hunt for gold and not to till the soil, and to hunt for gold meant to battle for it and to conquer the savage tribes who used the precious metal for their rude ornaments.

His friend the Governor was absent on his arrival, but on his return to Santo Domingo he showed special favour to the ambitious young man, and sent him forth on many of the warlike expeditions which were necessary to quell the frequent risings of the hostile native tribes. For by this time they had changed from the friendly, wondering and child-like savages they once were. Goaded by the cruelty and treachery of the Spaniards they had become veritable demons, intent on the most barbarous warfare, killing and eating their captives with the most blood-curdling ceremonies.

It was during this early service in quelling some petty insurrection that Cortes came under the command of Diego Velasquez, a Spanish captain who had won renown in his own country and who had crossed the sea for greater fame and adventure.

Cortes settled down meanwhile in the newly-found town of Azua, where he was appointed notary. But a quiet life was the worst thing in the world for his restless soul; he was continually

getting into mischief of one kind or another. Duels were of frequent occurrence, and in one of these he received a wound on his lip which left a deep and everlasting scar.

It may have been luck or the interference of his patron saint which kept him from joining the ill-fated expedition which sent Alonso de Ojeda and Diego de Nicuesa to their ruin. A swelling on his knee kept him at home and reserved him for better things. Meanwhile, Diego Columbus, a son of the Admiral, became Governor of Hispaniola, and in 1511 he fitted out an expedition for the conquest of Cuba, with Velasquez in command. Cortes volunteered under him.

It was an inglorious campaign, conducted most inhumanly, wiping out with ruthless sword and fire the vanquished savages. To slay, to burn, to sack, were the watchwords of the Spanish conquerors. Thus we can see how easy it was for any young soldier to fall into the cruelties of the Spanish warfare, though Cortes was in many respects more humane and certainly more sincere and single-minded than any of his contemporaries.

Then, as we have seen, Velasquez became Governor of Cuba, and Cortes, with his genial manners and lively conversation — to say nothing of his military prowess — secured favour with the new Commander. He was chosen by him, in preference to his own kindred and to older and more experi-

enced navigators and soldiers, to head the expedition to that new land called Mexico, into which he had not allowed his nephew, Grijalva, to penetrate.

Velasquez had been much impressed by the picturesque accounts of this wonderful country, especially that of Pedro Alvarado, who had accompanied Grijalva on his memorable expedition as far as Yucatan. His object was to send an invading martial host into the heart of the unknown country, and there was no one more thoroughly fitted for the task than this young soldier, full of hope and ambition, of tact and resource, linked to an indomitable spirit, and born to conquer.

There was often friction between Cortes and Velasquez. The older man did not approve of the gay life the younger man led, and on more than one occasion Cortes had been imprisoned by his orders. But he made himself so popular with his jailors that they helped him to escape.

One cause of all this ill-feeling was his refusing to marry a beautiful Spanish girl who had come with her parents and sisters to Hispaniola, in the train of Maria de Toledo, the noble wife of Diego Columbus. Her name was Catalina Juarez, and Velasquez, who was interested in one of her sisters, resented Cortes's behaviour. Perhaps the young scapegrace felt that the Governor's displeasure might fall too heavily upon him and spoil his career; perhaps after all his heart was touched by the

beauty of the young girl, for he married her at last and lived happily with her upon his estate.

Peace was restored between him and the Governor, who gave him land and Indian slaves. For several years Cortes was content to cultivate his fields and dig in his mines, amassing quite a fortune. So when the Governor's choice fell upon him as commander of the expedition into Mexico, Cortes felt that his long nourished hopes were about to be realised. Velasquez wanted men and money and ships, and Cortes was willing and able to furnish most of the substance. He was a young man still, not more than thirty-four or -five, and his naturally light and easy character began to change under the responsibility of this great and wonderful mission. His besetting fear was that at the very last moment Velasquez might change his mind and send some one else to snatch the command away from him. His fear was not without foundation. Velasquez was of a jealous disposition and was afraid that all the glory of the achievement would fall upon Cortes's shoulders; so at the eleventh hour he was persuaded to send another in his stead.

Cortes worked with overwhelming energy. His popularity was immense, and hundreds of men flocked at his call. Gold, adventure, and fame awaited those who enlisted under his leadership. Once out of the port of Santiago de Cuba he might snap his fingers at the Governor. The thing was

to load his vessels as quietly and as quickly as possible, and to get out into the open sea before Velasquez could have time to appoint any one to take his place.

The story goes, and a picturesque story it is too, that preparations were completed one midnight. When the dawn came the white sails of the squadron were spread out to meet the breeze, and the rattling of their heavy cables fell upon the ears of the good people of Santiago de Cuba. It roused Velasquez from his bed, and he galloped to the wharf, calling in frenzy—"Stop, stop!" But Cortes only waved his hand and called back, "Farewell, good Governor! Time is short and the great work must hasten," or words to that effect. So he sailed away towards the West, out of all reach, and left Velasquez fuming on the quay.

In vain the Governor sent swift messengers ahead to all the ports with orders to arrest Cortes. Instead he was received with great enthusiasm and many well-known grandees cast their fortunes with him. Foremost among them was the same Pedro de Alvarado who had been Grijalva's envoy to Velasquez. At the last port he touched, Cortes decided to write a conciliatory letter to his irate chief, and when he finally put out into the open sea he found himself in command, by his own counting, of five hundred Spaniards, two hundred Indians, ten heavy guns, several falconets, ample ammunition,

and sixteen horses,— all stowed away in eleven brigantines whose white sails filled proudly before the winds which bore them to conquest.

Cortes well knew that his watchword must now be "Forward." Should disaster overtake him and force his return to Santiago de Cuba, imprisonment and probably death would be his portion. Therefore, devoutly commending the expedition to his godly patron, St. Peter, promising his eager men all the glories of conquest, and pointing out to them that their highest mission must be to set the Cross before the savages, he cast all regrets to the winds, if regrets he had, and sailed for the shores of Yucatan.

A glance at a map of Mexico will show that Yucatan is like the great toe of its slender foot. Cortes's fleet did not land at the very tip of this great toe but a little to one side, on the island of Cozmuel. Pedro de Alvarado, who arrived two days ahead of his Commander, foolishly and cruelly employed his time in attacking the natives and arousing their hostility. Many fled before him and many were taken prisoners.

Cortes, upon his arrival, once and for all laid down the law, severely reprimanding Alvarado. The savages whom they encountered must be conquered, not by cruelty but by kindness and the power of the Cross. So he ordered the release of all the prisoners, loading them with gifts and assur-

ing them through his interpreters that they should come to no further harm. Everything stolen from their town was restored, and what had been taken in food was paid for liberally. This generous conduct emboldened the head chief of the island to visit Cortes, who received him most kindly and assured him of the friendly intentions of himself and his soldiers. The chief told him that there were some white prisoners in Yucatan, and a messenger was despatched in search of them, with a letter tied in his hair. It was from Cortes and ran as follows:

"Noble Sirs, I left Cuba with a fleet of eleven ships and five hundred Spaniards, and have arrived at Cozumel, whence I write you this letter. The people of this island assure me that there are five or six bearded white men in this country who greatly resemble us, and I conjecture, though they can give me no other indications, that you are Spaniards. I and the gentlemen who have come with me to explore and take possession of these countries, earnestly beg you to come to us within five or six days after you receive this, without further delay or excuse.

"If you will come, all of us will recognise and thank you for the assistance this armada will receive from you. I send a brigantine to bring you, with two ships as escort.

"HERNAN CORTES."

To be doubly sure of finding these men, Cortes sent Diego de Ordaz with the two smallest brigantines to Cape Catoche, where other messengers were landed and despatched in search of the captives. And while he waited Cortes, being impetuous and

over-zealous, turned his attention to the conversion of the heathen. But the Indians loved their gods who had bestowed upon them health and harvests and victory over their enemies. The worship of these gods had been rooted in the very soil, so they refused to give them up for new gods.

This of course angered the Spaniards, and Cortes invaded their temples and had their idols overthrown and rolled down the steps, amid the sullen protests of the simple people. Then he placed upon the altar a statue of Our Lady, and above it a large Cross of wood. And because the Indians stood passively by and made no outcry, Cortes really thought he had converted them and that there would be no more trouble. He did not know that this emblem of the Cross was very familiar to the savages, as it was the sign of their own rain-god and therefore a symbol of worship. Indeed they listened to the high-sounding words of the foreigners when they celebrated their mass, and were impressed like children with the sumptuousness and the pageantry with which these good Catholics voiced their devotion to the Church. But it went no further in their untutored minds. They were quite willing to let the Christians alone, but they, in their turn, wished to be let alone also.

In many ways we cannot blame the Christians for the stand they took. The gods of the heathens were terrible gods, demanding human sacrifices, and

the Indians themselves were cannibals, eating the flesh of their vanquished enemies with the ferocity of wolves.

Now, although the Spaniards were cruel and followed their many victories with unwarrantable torture, they had never reached the point of eating their victims, though perhaps the savage way was, after all, the kindest.

At any rate Cortes and his soldiers began early to sow the seeds of suspicion among the savages, and by the time the Spaniards had penetrated to the real heart of Mexico, many of the hostile tribes were quite ready to offer up the white men on the altar of their gods.

In the meanwhile, Cortes's note to the white captives had received one answer in the person of Geronimo de Aguilar, a man of holy orders who had been captured some eight years before while crossing with about twenty others from Darien to Hispaniola. Their vessel, under the command of one Valdevia, had been wrecked, and these twenty men and their Captain took to the open boat in a treacherous sea where, after fourteen days of hardship, they were flung on the coast of Yucatan. Many of their comrades had died from exposure, and the natives sacrificed the Captain and five of his men at once and made a meal of them. The others were put in cages to fatten for another sacrifice, but Aguilar and a companion succeeded in escap-

ing. They fell into the hands of another and a kinder chief or cacique, and their lives were spared.

When Cortes's letter came, Aguilar was permitted by his captors to join the Spaniards, and he proved of great service to the Commander because of his knowledge of many Indian tongues.

The fleet which landed at Cozumel, February 18, 1519, set sail again on March 13th following. After some rough weather and many hairbreadth adventures and escapes, the ships found their way to the Tabasco River, which the Spaniards had christened Rio de Grijalva. As the river was too small for the larger vessels, Cortes landed his people in barques at a little distance from the town of Tabasco.

Although the natives received them in friendly fashion, they had no desire for the invaders to settle there, and the chiefs prepared to fight. This of course made the Spaniards more determined to take possession, which they accordingly did by reading a pompous paper to the wondering savages, who understood not a word of it. But they did understand when Cortes struck the trunk of a great tree, which grew in the court of the principal temple, three times with his sword, proclaiming everything the King's property. They shouted their battle cry and rushed on the foe.

But Cortes had two overpowering surprises, his

horses and his firearms. The guns did not frighten them as much as the horses; these struck terror and amazement among the warriors who soon fled in retreat. Thousands died in battle, but beyond the wounding of twenty men the Spaniards came out unscathed. Cortes received the humbler chiefs kindly and accepted their presents of gold, stuffs, provisions, and slaves. There was some curiosity on the part of the Spaniards as to whence came the gold, and when the Indians answered "from Collina" the Spaniards had no idea of what the word meant — that it stood for a barbaric empire. They merely thought it was some place farther inland.

Twenty slaves in all did the vanquished caciques bring to the Spanish camp. They were Indian girls and were handed over to the priests to receive instruction and baptism. Among these slaves was one Marina, a beautiful and gifted maiden who spoke not only her own language but that of the Mexicans. Cortes found her services invaluable. She became an important figure in the history of the Conquest, for her devotion to her master kept her by his side from beginning to end. Cortes had need of her judgment and her intelligence, for he was venturing into a strange land, into the midst of strange people, and even among the bravest there is always fear of the unknown.

In this case his fears were not without foundation, but even in his wildest flights of imagination

he could not picture the splendour of the empire soon to burst upon him — a splendour which might well vie with Spain itself. Cortes lingered in Tabasco, the conquered town, long enough to plant the Cross and tear down the idols of the heathen, and he changed the name of the little port to Santa Maria de la Victoria.

On Palm Sunday, after impressive religious services viewed by the Indians with silent awe and wonder, the Spaniards embarked on their voyage to Mexico, taking friendly leave of the natives. Four days later, on Holy Thursday, April 21, 1519, they reached San Juan de Ulua, and many of Cortes's men who had accompanied earlier expeditions under de Cordova or Grijalva recognised and pointed out familiar landmarks.

The white-winged brigantines must have made an imposing picture to the simple natives who watched their coming, but to the inland country of the Aztecs the advent of the strangers was simply the answer to many dark, foreboding prophecies.

The Aztec gods were terrible in their wrath, and one,— Quetzelcoatl, god of the air,— was driven out of the country by an ungrateful people, for he had taught them how to live. During his stay with them he made their valley fruitful, he changed their manners and customs, he taught them agriculture and how to reap abundant harvests. Above all, he taught wisdom to the rulers, establishing a new

religion with neither idols nor human sacrifice. Yet for all his kindness he was banished, and so he passed, promising to return and wrest away the Empire and to restore his religion which they overthrew.

He was a beautiful god,— not swarthy like the Aztecs, but fair of skin, with long, wavy black hair. He was supposed to have gone to the seacoast where he built himself a canoe of serpent skins in which he floated away to Tlapallan, a haven lying somewhere near the rising sun. The time of his return was prophesied by the foreboding priests of the Aztecs, and it fitted in so well with the departure of Cortes's fleet that by many of the natives he was supposed to be the "Fair God" himself, arriving to perfect his vengeance.

There was something very martial and dignified in the bearing of this handsome Spanish conqueror that might well make him pass for a god among the superstitious Aztecs. Cortes himself, through his interpreters, soon learned to understand and to play upon their secret fears.

The Spaniards landed on Good Friday and formed a camp. On Easter Sunday an embassy from Montezuma, the Emperor of the Aztecs,— of all the tribes of Anahua — arrived. There were four thousand persons in all, including many chiefs of high rank bearing Montezuma's gifts to Cortes.

They salaamed before him in true Eastern fashion and then threw incense upon him, an act of homage which they offered to their gods and to their sovereign.

Cortes received them very graciously, and with the assistance of Marina soon explained his coming to the natives. He pointed out to them that he and his soldiers were subjects of the greatest monarch on earth, Charles V of Spain, and kings and princes served as his vassals. Having heard of the greatness of Montezuma, he had sent his envoy to establish friendly relations with him and bestow gifts upon him. When could Montezuma receive him?

This seemed to surprise the leaders of the embassy, for the Emperor's person was held so sacred that ordinary people dared not look at him. Nevertheless, the bearers brought forward the gifts, consisting of mantles of finest cotton, articles of marvellous feather work, and ornaments of wrought gold. Cortes gave them in exchange a carved and painted arm-chair, a crimson cap ornamented with a gold medal of St. George and the Dragon, a number of collars, and other ornaments of glass beads. The Chief of the embassy, observing that the gilt helmet of a soldier resembled the one worn by the Aztec war-god, Huitzilopochtli, was anxious for Montezuma to see it.

"Certainly," said Cortes, "if your Emperor will kindly fill it with gold dust and return it to me that I may send it to my sovereign."

Curiosity is the same whether the nations be Aztecs or Americans. Nowadays we take a camera along with us when we go abroad "new countries for to see." The Aztecs brought their artists with them, who painted on cloth pictures of all they saw, especially Cortes, Marina, and the black slaves. These were to be shown to Montezuma.

Cortes had an imposing cavalry drill for his guests and also a discharge of his artillery which impressed them greatly. They went back to Montezuma with the presents and tales of wonder, to which the monarch listened with awe and dismay, for every word tended to convince him that his doom was sealed, that the "Fair God" was descending upon his rebellious people, and that his prophecy would be fulfilled.

Montezuma's Empire was founded upon a long line of noble chiefs, but there was no king until the Christian year, 1352, if we can be guided by learned people who have made a study of the quaint picture writing. The first king was Acamapatzin, and he was elected by the vote of the people. Thereafter, the kings were chosen from the most promising young men in the royal family, and Montezuma II was the ninth in the line of descendants. Just be-

fore the arrival of Cortes, he was in the zenith of his glory and his power.

The ancient name of Mexico was Tenochtitlan, meaning a *cactus on a rock,* and was given to the new city by the augers or prophets who beheld an eagle perched on a cactus that grew on a rock, and holding a serpent in its talons. This emblem became the national standard of Mexico, and is seen to-day in the coat-of-arms of the Republic. The word *Mexico* means habitation of the god of war, Mexitli, and it was a fitting residence for the warlike Emperors of the Aztecs.

But too much ease and pleasure and luxury had made of Montezuma an idle prince, and while he feared the coming of the strangers, he feared more the loss of the splendour about him. He thought too much of his palace full of wives, of his aviaries, his jewels and his fine trappings, to wish to spoil them in bloody warfare.

The Aztecs feared and obeyed their monarch, who could kill with a nod. But even the monarch himself feared their fierce gods who, through their priests, were constantly demanding the blood of human victims on their altars. And he feared most of all this "Fair God," Quelzalcoatl, who was coming with his ships and his vengeance to pull down his Empire. Therefore, when his envoy returned, bringing presents from Cortes and his

courteous though persistent demand to visit the city, the monarch was more than ever convinced that his fate was upon him. His councillors all felt the same influence upon them — all save one, the lord of one of his most powerful provinces who advised resistance, saying:

"It seems to me, my lord, that you should not admit to your house one who will drive you out of it."

Montezuma listened to this advice and again sent an embassy to Cortes, laden with presents of gold and silver, also returning the soldier's helmet filled with gold-dust. In the smoothest of messages he refused to allow the Spaniards to enter the city.

He was pleased, he said, to have the friendship of the Spanish King, but as it was impossible for him to journey to the coast and as there would be many and perilous obstacles in the way of Cortes's coming to the capital, it would be impossible for them to meet, though he and his men should enjoy the hospitality of the Aztecs while on their shores. Cortes was just as much a courtier as Montezuma himself. He accepted all the gifts and sent some trifling ones in return, still calmly insisting on an audience. He had a message to deliver from his King, he said, and he dared not return without having performed his duty.

Again the envoy returned to Montezuma, and while he was gone Cortes turned his attention to

the spot they had selected as a camp. It was most unhealthy, and as the Spring turned into Summer many died of malaria and other troubles of the swamp. Cortes at once despatched a trusty follower with his ship and a couple of pilots in search of a new harbour, and while they were gone he heard the first signs among the natives of rebellion against the Aztec rule. One powerful prince, the pretender to the throne of Texcoco, secretly sent him presents and offers of friendship. Many others sprang up who were eager to free themselves from Montezuma's rule. Cortes, committing himself neither one way nor the other, formed in his own daring mind a plan for the conquest, collecting and binding together the hostile tribes, while his followers idled away their time and wrangled over the division of the spoils, not noticing that their Indian entertainers were growing inhospitable and withdrawing their provisions.

After an absence of ten days, Montezuma's envoy again returned with more presents and four large green stones resembling emeralds and valued by the natives. The Emperor flatly refused to receive Cortes or permit him to advance, and declined to say another word on the subject.

Still not discouraged, Cortes talked earnestly to the envoy and explained to him and his companions many of the Catholic observances. The Angelus was sounded and the Spaniards knelt in prayer be-

fore the wooden Cross they had set up. Finally Cortes sent Montezuma a Cross, and a small image of the blessed Virgin and Child as a token of friendship. Meanwhile, day after day Montezuma's rebellious subjects were arriving secretly at the Spanish camp, vowing allegiance to Cortes if he would help them throw off the Mexican yoke.

When Montezuma's envoy departed for the last time, the Spaniards awoke one morning to find themselves abandoned by the Indians and destitute of provisions. This was the first sign of warlike intentions, and then troubles arose among themselves. Cortes's scouts had returned with the report that they had found a better harbour where there was a fine site for a camp and plenty of fresh water; it was some twelve leagues north of San Juan de Ulna, near a town called Quahuiztler, so Cortes gave orders to leave at once.

Then quarrels arose; one side wanted to follow strictly the orders of Diego Velasquez and return to Cuba with what treasure they had; the other side was ready to follow their Commander.

Cortes had his hands full. Behind him lay Cuba and the deadly displeasure of the Governor; before him stretched Mexico with its wealth and the hope of conquest, a glittering prize if he had strength and sagacity enough to compass it. But first of all he must deal with his men, and this he did with a calmness and moderation unsurpassed in the annals of

history. How he won them over to his side at last by artful arguments is quite a fairy tale in itself. Suffice it to say that he carried out his original plan of changing the harbour; and leaving behind them the dreary wastes, the pests and the fever, they advanced into the rich rolling country behind Vera Cruz, nearer and nearer to the goal of Mexico, while Montezuma cowered in his grand capital, awaiting his doom.

Meanwhile, with each day's advance Cortes collected about him new and formidable allies, and the history of his adventures before reaching the city of his desires would occupy a space beyond the limits of this chapter. It is only necessary to say that after arduous striving and hairbreadth escapes from one danger or another, Cortes, on November first, found himself at last, with a horde of savage and bloodthirsty allies distributed among his own forces, marching out of the city of Cholula, on the road to the city of Mexico. With every step of the way, tidings of the wealth and magnificence awaiting them filled every Spanish heart with the lust of gold, while the rebellious savages thirsted only for the blood of their enemies to satisfy their vengeful gods.

When Montezuma received the tidings that the white stranger was on his way to the city, he fled in terror to the temples and consulted the oracles. But the priests had only bodeful signs, and the city

was filled with wailing; for all thought, beyond the shadow of a doubt, that Cortes was the "Fair God," determined to overthrow Montezuma and his race. The priests councilled the Emperor not to oppose the entrance of the Spaniards; they cunningly argued that the numbers of the white host were few, and once in the city the strangers could be mowed down to a man. They did not know how these numbers were augmented until those who were demanding entrance far exceeded those within the city walls.

After many anxious sessions with his councillors, Montezuma decided to go forth and meet the Conqueror, for Cortes had paved his way with bloody victory from town to town. There was but one among his faithful subjects who councilled war and this was the noble Quatamotzue, nephew to the Emperor, and spoken of as the heir apparent to the throne. His attitude displeased his uncle, who banished him while these momentous events were taking shape. So he was not in the gorgeous procession that went forth to await the coming of Cortes at the city gates. But though the pageant glittered as it marched through vast throngs of people who parted to let it pass, it was a sullen crowd which bent under the despotic will of the Emperor.

The Spanish leaders on horseback were the first to appear, the head of a long host of warriors and barbarians. Montezuma, borne in a litter, looked

curiously at the riders whose plumes waved in the breeze and whose armour shone with every flash of sunlight. He was awed and silent as if in the presence of the gods. Cortes and his companions dismounted and came towards him, and the two men stood face to face — Montezuma, the almighty and powerful ruler; Cortes, the rugged man of war, the polished courtier, the wily, far-seeing statesman.

Both men were subtle schemers, but Cortes did not at first recognise the secret of his own power; he did not know that he was regarded as a god and that the people gave way to him because of that. Montezuma lodged his visitors, as he chose to call them, in the palace of Axaya, where his father had lived and ruled — amid the profound silence of the sullen people. It was not long before the silence took to mutterings, and then to dull roars as the strangers made free of the town, wondering at the magnificence that everywhere confronted them. There were palaces, temples, menageries, aviaries, pleasure gardens, baths, market places,— all betokening fabulous wealth. The eyes of the Spaniards grew big with wonder, while their souls grew small with greed in the midst of so much gold and silver.

Meanwhile, Guatamotzin went about in disguise, stirring up the malcontents, and Cortes, detecting ominous signs, feared for the safety of himself and his men. To fall in battle was one thing, but to

be sacrificed to the cruel gods was quite another, and not a man among the host was willing to run that risk. The Christian soldiers in the old palace felt little more than prisoners, and although they were allowed the liberty of the town they always felt that they were moving through a hostile throng, and they were glad enough to go back to their stronghold.

In the midst of this uncertainty Cortes conceived a bold scheme. Under the guise of inviting Montezuma to visit the palace, he escorted him thither with an armed force, and once within the gloomy old walls, the unwary monarch was held a prisoner by a mere handful of determined men. It was one of the greatest deeds in history and stands forth to-day as a master-stroke.

Once in their power, Montezuma was never released. From that moment began the true story of the Conquest. The people of the city were demoralised; they did not know what to make of this strange act of the Christian leader. Montezuma was outwardly the ruler of his people; he was carried abroad in his litter with all the old magnificence; he went to the temples to worship; he showed himself in the towers of the palace, but always surrounded and hemmed in by his watchful Spanish guard. Meanwhile the banished nephew of Montezuma, the Tzin as he was called, was stirring the people to war. All night the temples were opened

while the priests invoked their gods. In the palace Cortes and his soldiers planned their defence and showed the captive monarch the occasional claws of the tiger, once going so far as to put his august person in chains. But for the most part Cortes was kind and even friendly to the fallen Montezuma.

Truly Fernando Cortes was a great man, for the siege of Mexico was long and the Mexican people outnumbered the Spaniards by thousands and thousands. He was further harassed by the invasion of a Spanish fleet, commanded by Panfilo de Narvaes, who had been sent from Spain at the instigation of Diego de Velasquez, his old enemy in Cuba, to arrest Cortes as a mutineer and a rebel, and to punish him accordingly.

But Cortes bore a charmed life. Miracles were constantly performed to keep him unscathed and to help him defeat his enemies and put them to rout — miracles with blood upon them and hard fighting in their train, but the good St. Peter watched over him!

Montezuma died in captivity. Some say Cortes made way with him; other traditions relate how his nephew, Guatamotzin, took long range aim at him when he appeared in the tower of the palace, and pierced his heart with an arrow. Then the people arose in earnest, with Guatamotzin, their newly crowned king, at their head, and from then until the fall of the Aztec Empire the Conquest of Mex-

ico was a long and bloody siege. At one time Cortes and his men were so hard pressed that they began to plan a retreat.

On the day of Montezuma's death, June 30, 1520, the Spaniards decided to abandon the city they had supposedly conquered. They had many reasons for this step. The news of their Emperor's death would arouse frenzy in the multitude who would fall upon the Christians and tear them to pieces. They decided also on a night retreat, as the Mexicans rarely fought except in the daytime, and under cover of darkness the army could make considerable advance on their march. The city was separated from the mainland by intersecting canals for the crossing of which Cortes had built a portable bridge.

It was a dark night, the "sorrowful night" it was called, and there was a drizzling rain. The soldiers, in spite of warnings, were heavily laden with golden booty which impeded their progress, in many instances causing their death.

The little army consisted of three divisions,— a vanguard of infantry commanded by Gonzalo de Sandoval and two other generals; the centre, under the command of Cortes, was composed of the artillery, the baggage, the treasure, the women, and the prisoners — a son and two daughters of Montezuma; Pedro de Alvarado and Velasquez de Leon

commanded the rear guard; and there were about six thousand Indian allies.

For a time they marched quietly, but on their approaching the causeway the alarm was given, and the big drum which called the Mexicans to arms on great occasions was beaten. The soldiers were attacked on all sides. The army succeeded in crossing the first canal on the portable bridge, but the ground being soft and wet the weight of the passing troops and artillery imbedded it too firmly to be moved, and the situation of the army crowded in the narrow causeway became desperate. Cortes, as always, proved a brave soldier and a zealous Captain. Although wounded, he succeeded in crossing the last ford, and then turned back with some of his horsemen to the help of the rear guard. But he could do little for them; most of them were forced to return to the city where, after three days, they surrendered and were sacrificed to the gods.

Alvarado's escape was marvellous. He stood unhorsed and battling with the savages all around him, the water between him and the opposite shore, a tremendous chasm! But planting his long spear firmly in the wreckage about him, after the manner of a leaping-pole, the daring Spaniard collected his energies and jumped the chasm at a bound. To this day the famous spot is pointed out in the City of Mexico.

Cortes was ill of his wound after the terrible night, but undaunted he still besieged the city from without, and at last, after another whole year of bloody warfare, the City of the Aztecs fell amid the groans of the dying, the wailings of the living. The King was captured, and all resistance was at an end. A merciless sponge had wiped out the Aztec rule, and Cortes, triumphant at the head of his jaded troops, took possession of the fair City of the Lake in the name of Carlos V, King of Spain.

Thus ended the most wonderful siege since the days of the Trojans.

For a while Cortes was lauded and fêted, but Spain, arrogant in her new possessions, never rewarded his faithfulness as it deserved, and the highest places were not for him in New Spain. The King was continually afraid that Cortes wished to make himself an independent sovereign in the new country, and even his wisdom and experience were set aside because of petty jealousies.

After all, Cortes fared better than Columbus, Balboa, and Pizarro, who were rewarded with imprisonment and death. Yet he was treated unkindly, and from the fall of Mexico until his death his life was a series of bitter disappointments. He was a great man, judged not only by the standards of his own times but by the standards of to-day, and the present City of Mexico is a living monument to his undying fame.

CHAPTER VII

THE FATHER OF WATERS

IT is a remarkable fact that to the hot-blooded bravado of Spain our New World owes so much, and in a lesser degree to the eager and persistent curiosity of France. The English and the Dutch were slower and more phlegmatic; they preferred to take time to study maps and charts in planning a voyage, rather than to strike out on unknown seas. They loved gold and gain, it is true, but the weight of it, and not the glitter, tempted them as it did the most ardent Southern natures of the Spanish and the French.

It was Cortes's love of gold that led to his conquest of Mexico. All the brilliant, bloody panorama of that terrible victory was but a prelude to the still more terrible victories of the Pizarro brothers, who conquered Peru and swept from the face of the earth the last of the Incas — whose splendid barbarity has been the theme of many a song and many a story.

The tale of Peru is but the tale of Mexico, with this difference — Cortes was a soldier and a

courtier, while the Pizarros pursued their victories with all the brute joy of killing and plundering. Yet out of the horror of their pilfering warfare, one figure at least stands forth unsmirched by their cowardly deeds. This was Hernando de Soto, famed no less for his daring than for the splendour and luxury in which he lived.

To say that this Spanish cavalier was above reproach would be to forget the period in which he lived and the masters whom he served. He was a fair fighter as fighters counted in those days, and his name has come down to us through historical ages, not as the lieutenant of the bloody Pizarro but as the discoverer of our Mississippi River,— a greater discovery, as it has turned out, than the gold mines of Peru.

There is some uncertainty concerning the date of de Soto's birth. One account of his life says 1496, and another 1501. He was only thirteen years old when he first sought adventure by becoming a page in the train of Pedrarias, the terrible old governor of Darien in the West Indies, whose fearful deeds earned him the title of "the Scourge of God." De Soto's blood was very blue, but his family while noble was poor, and so the boy had no fortune but his sword when he entered the service of Pedrarias. It was a pity when he sailed for the New World that fate had not cast his lot with a more admirable master. The old villain was cer-

tainly not a good example to a daring, high-spirited lad, and he was early taught to strike in that wild country at whatever barred his way; hunting and chasing savages was welcomed by him as the gayest of adventures.

He was fortunate enough to enjoy the favours of Pedrarias, and over ten years in his service had made him a trained and trusted soldier. Later, when the detestable Pizarro invaded Peru, de Soto's help was needed even by that ruthless conqueror, for he discovered the passes over the mountains. Something about the splendour and dash of the soldier inspired confidence in those above him.

When the Spaniards made a pretence of sending an embassy to the camp of the great Inca, Atahualpa, de Soto and Pizarro headed the brilliant body of men selected for the purpose of intimidating the Peruvian Emperor. But the calm demeanour of the noble savage incensed the white men.

De Soto was considered the best horseman among his countrymen, and knowing the Peruvian's natural fear of a horse he caused his spirited steed to curvet and prance about the square. Then he rushed him at full tilt towards the throne where the Inca sat, surrounded by his wild warriors, checking the horse within a few feet of the sacred person, and giving him so powerful a wrench that he threw the quivering animal on his haunches right in front of the monarch. But the Inca sat calmly through the per-

formance and, after the audience was over, caused one of his warriors, who had involuntarily flinched before the onslaught of the horse and rider, to be beheaded for having shown fear before strangers.

De Soto took part in many of the battles for the subjugation of Peru, and also assisted in the capture of this same indomitable Inca. But while his manner of warfare was by way of fire and sword, he was neither underhanded nor cunning. The Pizarros on the contrary lent themselves to any baseness. De Soto, understanding that Atahualpa was to be held for a large ransom, was sent on some foray by his superior officers. On his return he found that, after receiving the gold, they had basely executed their prisoner. De Soto was shocked at this barbarity, but nevertheless he accepted his share of the immense ransom which had been gathered under such false pretences. No Spaniard was proof against the dazzle and the glitter of gold. Yet evil as this influence was in the lives and fortunes of our discoverers, without that glitter to lead them on there would have been little incentive in those dark ages for the deeds of daring which brought to light the hidden wonders of the New World. It was Hernando de Soto's love of gold and power that brought him at length to the banks of the Mississippi River.

In 1536, de Soto sailed home to Spain laden with his spoils. A magnificent cavalier he was when,

clad in the richest of silks and velvets, he appeared at Valladolid where the young Emperor, Charles V, held his brilliant but needy Court. De Soto was rich, the King was poor; and the young Monarch graciously condescended to borrow money from one gracious enough to lend the large sums he required.

In return for this kindness, de Soto only asked the royal sanction to an expedition to conquer Florida, as Cortes and Pizarro had conquered Mexico and Peru. This was easy to give, and involved no expense to the giver, as de Soto fitted out his own big enterprise. Charles V also consented to make him Governor of Cuba in order that the expedition in every way might be successful.

Now, why this ambition should have possessed de Soto it is difficult to say. He had returned from the New World laden with spoils. He was rich beyond the dreams of avarice. He had lands without measure and vassals without number. He was married besides to the beautiful Isabella de Bobadilla, a daughter of the villainous Pedrarias, but also a relative of that Beatrice de Bobadilla, the Marchioness de Moya, who was the friend of Columbus.

The lovely Isabella adored her husband, and had it not been for the rumours which came to Court of the yet unexplored country of Florida, of riches to be found there greater than the riches of Mex-

ico or Peru, de Soto might have remained to the end of the chapter a Spanish grandee, secure in his Castilian stronghold, high in the King's favour, a petty prince in his own beautiful domain.

But a man as a "doer of doughty deeds," one Cabeza de Vaca, told strange stories of the countries he had seen and of the fabulous wealth he had found there — stories which so inflamed de Soto that he determined to seek another fortune in this treasure-land of Florida.

When it became known that he was really in earnest about going to sea again, flocks of the best blood among the Cavaliers came to his standard. He found it hard to choose from among so many who had been lured by the wonderful tales of de Vaca, though it is a noticeable fact that de Vaca himself was wise enough to stay at home. There is no telling what the irate Spaniards would have done to him when they discovered that his much talked-of and vaunted Florida was a land of rank vegetation and dense foliage, swarming with savages, the fiercest of their kind, thick with impenetrable forests and tangled undergrowth.

But it is well that the nine hundred picked men, selected by de Soto out of twice that number who applied to him, were ignorant of all this, for the country called Florida was a vast region in those days, and the little leg of land which we set down

to-day in our modern maps as the State of Florida was but a tiny slice.

There were many Portuguese as well as Spanish nobles who volunteered for service, and for once no expense was spared in providing suitable vessels for such a "goodlie companie," especially as the Lady Isabella was to accompany her husband, and doubtless there were some fair Spanish ladies in her train.

The comrades who had fought beside de Soto in the conquest of Peru were eager once more to seek their fortunes with him, prominent among them being Luis de Moscoso and Nuno de Tobar, who were next to him in command.

The stately ships, which de Soto had fitted out with a magnificence unknown in those times, left the port of San Lucar at the mouth of the Guadalquivir on Sunday, April 6, 1538, and so extensive had been the preparations that quantities of valuables had to be left behind, unprotected on the wharf and the prey of unscrupulous thieves who usually haunted those places.

Fond of grandeur and display as de Soto was, we can well imagine the sight as the noble squadron swept out of the port, their sails filled with the fresh breezes which wafted them to the ocean. The flower of chivalry stood upon the decks, the highest of hopes animated every heart. Her-

nando de Soto, his young wife by his side and the land of flowers beckoning him from afar, little dreamed that he was looking his last upon the shores of Spain, and in what fashion his name would be sung through coming ages.

It is well that one cannot see too far ahead. Had any one said to de Soto, "Hold back, there is no gold in this land you are seeking; there are stern things to face where you are venturing; there are savages to fight inch by inch of the way. Sickness and death will stalk beside you in the swampy forests. There is only a river at the end of your journey; you will die close beside it, and it will be your grave!"—if de Soto had been warned by some such prophetic voice, it is quite likely that he would have turned back, for the age was a superstitious one. But the glitter of the promised gold dazzled his eyes and failure seemed very far away.

The first halt was made at the Canary Islands, where they were received in royal state by the Governor. At the entreaty of de Soto's wife, the Governor allowed his young daughter, also a Donna Isabella de Bobadilla, to accompany them on the expedition. There is no doubt that the beautiful lady was more than willing, for she loved Nuno de Tobar, and perhaps the good and gentle lady of de Soto wished to befriend a lonely young girl. At any rate the romance ended in marriage, and in

course of time they reached Havana, where de Soto, having been made Governor of Cuba by his master, Charles V, proceeded to put the affairs of the little state in order before setting out for Florida, — the land of their desires, the unknown Eldorado which had lured old Ponce de Leon twenty-five years before with promise of the fountain of eternal youth.

De Soto, having implicit trust in his young wife, left her to rule Cuba in his absence, and surely no explorer ever set forth with higher hopes. He was rich and powerful, able to choose the best instead of the worst of men to aid him in his enterprise, and he had withal a certain masterful and assertive manner which those under him admired and feared. To the sword-hilt, he was every inch a soldier, and his little army of six hundred men, two hundred of whom were horsemen, was perfectly disciplined.

But the great mistake which de Soto and many of his predecessors made in exploring these unknown regions was in their dealings with the savage tribes which barred their way. Ponce de Leon in 1513, Vasquez de Ayllon in 1520, and Pamphilio de Narvaez in 1528, had all come to grief through the same ignorance. For the object of the Catholic Spaniard was not alone the acquiring of new territory and much gold, but at the same time a crusade against idolatry. There were with them there-

fore "twelve priests, eight inferior clergy, and four monks" who could not only aid the soldiers but could convert such natives as the sword had spared. But the conquerors were always strangely forgetful of the fact that it was impossible to force a new religion upon a race embittered by defeat.

On the 18th of May, 1539, de Soto's proud little fleet of two great ships, two caravels, and two brigantines, set sail from the harbour of Havana, and on the 20th it was riding in the Bay of Tampa. Here they were joined by a man named Juan Ortiz, who had been captured by the Indians ten years before in the unfortunate Narvaez expedition, and he had lived so long among them that he was complete master of their language. Consequently he was welcomed as a valuable aid to de Soto and his men.

When the ships were unloaded, they were all sent back to Havana, leaving behind only the two caravels in case of need.

Having at least the experience of those who had suffered before him, de Soto had provided himself with everything for which emergency would call. He had shackles for possible slaves, and fierce bloodhounds, armour tools, forges, and a small cannon, to say nothing of provisions; and he kept his little army well drilled and up to the mark.

On July 15th, they plunged into the depths of the forest, and, in spite of constant attacks from the

savages, succeeded each day in penetrating a little farther into the continent. Whenever they were hindered or harassed by the unfriendly tribes, de Soto captured the chief and forced him to furnish men to carry their baggage as far as the lines of the next ruler, where he would pursue just the same course as he had done before. He did not always hold these captives, but sent most of them back to their country whenever he secured a fresh supply. It was a simple plan but it inflamed the already bitter feeling of the Indians, to whom captivity meant a degradation scarcely to be borne. The Spaniards had little foresight in thus making such bitter enemies of the Indians. Herein they differed from the French who, while intent upon conversion, depended in a great degree upon the childlike faith of the savage, and did much to foster it.

In the territory which we now know as Florida, de Soto had one of his most serious encounters. An Indian chief, named Vitachuco, ruled here,— a man as keen and cruel and cunning as any Spaniard. And when de Soto and his soldiers emerged from the forest, worn out with struggles in the vast swamps, they were received with politeness by this wily chief, who in reality was planning their destruction. Even while he offered hospitality to de Soto there was black treachery in his heart, and he planned a meeting for the Spanish leader to in-

spect his army. De Soto, with equal courtesy, accepted the kind invitation, but his suspicions were aroused, and it soon came to his knowledge that Vitachuco had ordered a general massacre of the Spaniards. The signal was to be given, and a dozen of his best warriors were to fall upon the unsuspecting de Soto.

At the meeting, therefore, every Spaniard was fully armed, and when the chief gave the signal, he found himself a close prisoner instead, and his warriors drove their weapons against the mail-clad soldiers. Their arrows were blunted by the heavy armour, and the spears and clubs were no match for the thin, narrow, murderous blades of the Spaniards. The poor naked savages fled for their lives to two lakes near the scene of the battle, pursued by the terrifying Spanish cavalry which headed them off and forced them to go to the smaller lake for refuge.

These Indians were great swimmers, and as the night fell the Spaniards encircled the lake and the poor captives were held in their watery prison for thirty-six hours. Sometimes half a dozen of them would swim close together, forming a sort of a platform on which another would kneel to discharge his arrows, and the Spaniards shot back with their arquebuses until the fear of wasting their ammunition checked their firing. The savages remained in the water until their strength was spent;

they had either to crawl out or to die of exhaustion or exposure. But there were a dozen indomitables ones who refused to surrender, and de Soto sent some of his men, who were good swimmers, to bring them out. Something in the stubborn heroism of the savages must have appealed to de Soto, for their lives were spared.

The proud Vitachuco was made to feel how the mighty had fallen. De Soto, content with his victory, should have gone his way, but this was not the Spanish idea. The warriors were enslaved, and, though the Chief was kindly treated by de Soto, fierce resentment burned in his heart — a hero's heart for all its savage instincts! He resolved to make one more trial for freedom; so one night, while supping with de Soto, he suddenly raised a mighty war-whoop,— a signal to all his warriors,— and he himself sprang like a tiger at his host's throat, dealing him a terrible blow on the face. De Soto, completely off his guard, fell to the ground unconscious, his face smashed in, his nose broken, and several teeth gone. The savage sprang upon the prostrate body to complete his work, but he was run through by the sword of a trusty attendant just in time to save his leader. The other savages, answering the signal of their chief, tried to do as he did, but most of them were shackled, and their foes were too many for them. So once more to the Spaniards fell the victory, and they had more

slaves to carry their burdens as the conquering train moved on.

Their next halt was in the fertile country of Appalache, and in this land of peace and plenty they spent the winter. Thirty horsemen were sent back to Tampa Bay to bring up the rest of the army which had been left behind. The cavaliers had to fight their way back, for the Spaniards had left their mark upon every village in their march towards the south, and when the rear-guard hastened to join their commander, there was fighting all the way forward. So that de Soto's path from the Bay of Tampa to the "Father of Waters" was strewn with the ashes of burned homes and soaked with the blood of the victims.

When the recruited army took up its march, it went as far as the Savannah River, and came to a land ruled by a woman, a slim Indian princess who floated down the river in her canoe to meet de Soto, clad, so the chronicles tell us, in grass cloth and cotton, with a brilliant crest of feathers and strings of pearls of immense size around her neck, girdling her waist, and on her copper coloured arms. There is a tradition that she took off one of these strings of pearls and flung it over the shoulders of de Soto, and that he took a ring from his own finger and put it on hers. At any rate the little Princess, though courteously treated, was kept a close prisoner; but she, with her woman's wit, detecting the

real avarice of the Spaniards, bought her way with pearls, and when she had given her wealth in generous quantities she managed to escape with a box of choice pearls which de Soto had reserved for himself. And it is at least pleasant to remember that she was never recaptured.

The legends and the old chroniclers have made much of this beautiful Princess, and the fabulous wealth of her country has grown in the telling. It was a beautiful, smiling country they were passing through, with luxuriant vegetation and the noble Appalachian Mountains rising in the distance. The hearts of the Spaniards, warming in the genial, sunny climate, beat once more high with hope.

The mountains, barring their path, they turned towards the south and moved through Alabama, entering the domain of the famous Tuscaloosa, the giant chief who was renowned in that part of the country. The present town of Tuscaloosa with its imposing University is all we have left to recall the barbaric splendour of this chief who proved himself even more wily than Vitachuco. For he made promises of royal entertainment and led the army towards his own town of Manvila, a place of palisades and thatch. The present city of Mobile, just a little way down the Alabama River, perpetuates the name of Tuscaloosa's town, Manvila, which was built upon a great meadow. The Indians in planning and fortifying the place had for

once given an eye to the beauty of the surroundings, for the palisade, built of heavy logs, was fastened together by vines; the spaces between the logs were filled in with thick masses of mud and straw, and many of these logs had taken root. So the whole place was surrounded by a solid green wall which overlooked the Alabama River on three sides.

De Soto and his men halted at night about five miles away from the village, and early in the morning the leader, with about one hundred men on horses and afoot, set forth for the town of Tuscaloosa. De Soto, not being so sure of his welcome, ordered Moscoso to break camp at once and follow with the main army.

But instead of waiting until they came up, de Soto and his cavaliers followed Tuscaloosa within the walls, leaving the slaves and the baggage outside the gates. These fearless soldiers found themselves in the midst of fierce looking warriors. The women, large and of massive build, were scarcely less fierce looking. There were no children among the menacing horde.

Now, why the Spaniards should be so trusting it is hard to tell. They certainly had cause, through dire experience, to be thoroughly suspicious. They were lodged with every show of respect in some of the thatched houses, and de Soto ordered breakfast to be prepared. When it was ready he sent

his interpreter, Juan Ortiz, to summon Tuscaloosa who, for some reason or other, had disappeared. The messenger was treated with insult, and as he turned away from the house one of the young men lifted his bow and prepared to shoot. One of the Spaniards saw the movement, whipped out his sword, and ripped up the offender.

There was no such thing as taking time to consider; one bloody deed in those days demanded immediate payment in blood, and so the fight began. The Spaniards, seeing what a handful they were against the swarms of Indian men and women who fell upon them tooth and nail, decided that discretion was the better part of valor. Turning, they fled for the gates which fortunately had been left open. The horses were fastened just outside under the trees. Many were struck down on the way, but some managed to mount their steeds while others cut the bridles, letting their priceless animals escape.

The mounted soldiers charged upon the savages, driving them back to the walls, and the fighting kept up in this way for hours. The slaves who had been left outside were brought in by the Indians, freed from their shackles, and weapons put into their hands. Their captivity had made them desperate foes, and the Spaniards were sorely pressed. De Soto finally decided to force his way into the town; his men broke down the gate in spite of all resistance, and, though cut down at every step, little by

little they edged their way in. Bidding his men fight on, de Soto and de Tobar ran for their horses which they mounted and charged up the narrow street through the ranks of the Indians. Up and down they rode, trampling over prostrate bodies and carrying consternation with the thud of the falling hoofs. Nothing seemed to hurt the dauntless riders until a chance arrow struck de Soto in the thigh. There was no time to draw it out, so the brave leader rode, standing in his stirrups, to the wonder and admiration of his followers.

Then the Spaniards set fire to the houses, and by the time the main army reached the town, the scene was one of wild confusion. The yelling Indians, the shouting Spaniards, the burning houses showed the horror of it all. Ah, those were blood-curdling times, those days of the Spanish cavaliers! Tuscaloosa's band was swept off the face of the earth, and Tuscaloosa himself disappeared with all the rest. It is told that the last Indian left sprang upon the palisade and hung himself with the cord of his own bow.

These were but a few of the adventures of de Soto as he and his soldiers pursued their relentless way through the "land of flowers," and all this time no sign of the coveted gold! Juan Ortiz, their guide and interpreter, had told them that the wild country over which they were marching would yield them neither gold nor silver, and the civilised

empire, which Cabeza de Vaca described, existed only in the imagination of that very clever story-teller. The soldiers were anxious to go back to Havana; they were tired of fighting; they had lost men and horses and much baggage. At last there were ominous murmurs among them when the dauntless de Soto determined to press on.

Knowing his fickle King, he felt that his failure to find the land of his desires would result, if not in his disgrace, without a doubt in utter oblivion. Only success pleased this monarch who shone in the borrowed glory of his subjects. So, after his terrible struggle at Manvila, instead of taking to the ships which were but a few days' march away, de Soto concealed this fact and pressed on toward the north, carrying his men with him by sheer force of his will and his power to command.

And so from May 18, 1539, until the same month in 1541, they wandered from one Indian town to another, through one dense forest after the other, fighting the savages at every turn. One of the last outrages was practised by the Chickasaw Indians in whose town in upper Mississippi the Spaniards passed the winter of 1541. When the spring came, de Soto ordered the chiefs to supply him with two hundred men to carry his baggage. But the Indians, exasperated at the way they had been treated, set fire to the town and attacked the Spaniards in the midst of the flames. In some mirac-

ulous way the whites escaped, though with heavy loss. Their clothes had been burned and they were forced to dress themselves in skins and mats of ivy leaves. They lost no time in putting things to rights again and preparing to march on with their indomitable commander.

In the month of May, 1541, they came in sight of a great river which stretched out to bar their progress. It was a wonderfully broad stream, and this was the first time the eyes of white men had ever rested upon it in all its majestic beauty. They gazed at first in awe and admiration; this vast stream was an impassable barrier to their further progress.

De Soto and his men looked into the clear depths of this wonderful river but they found no gold! Their little grasping minds could not forge ahead to foresee the coming empires which would rise in future centuries along its banks. Beyond this river must lie the much coveted and long sought gold, and so they set to work and built barges strong enough to bear their horses. In a month's time they were able to cross to the western bank of the river, and the men were able to press on into the vast unknown country stretching before them, following the windings of the river. They found the Indians more friendly but the country was more difficult to traverse. Finally they reached the higher lands of Missouri, and in this region of plenty the

simple natives hailed de Soto and his men as "children of the sun." By this time even de Soto grew weary; he was heart-sick over his failure and worn out by heavy marching.

The battered remnant of that brilliant little army spent the next winter somewhere near the present city of Little Rock, Arkansas. When the spring came once more, de Soto wearily began his march southward towards the river. He was absolutely disheartened, for he had lost his faithful guide and interpreter, Juan Ortiz, and the men plunged blindly through dense woods and impassable canebrakes, and, emerging into a low, moist country, disease spread among the soldiers while the Indians once more grew hostile.

De Soto tried to convince the great Chief of the Natchez tribe that he was immortal, but the Chief only answered:

"They call you the child of the sun. Dry up the river and I will believe you. If you wish to see me, visit the town where I dwell. If you come in peace, I will greet you as a friend; if in war, I will not go back a foot."

But de Soto was past caring for these things. Attacked by a terrible fever, he felt that his end was near, and appointed Moscoso his successor. De Tobar was already dead, and on May 21, 1542, just three years since the joyous setting forth, Hernando de Soto breathed his last on the wretched bed be-

side the Mississippi,— died thinking the expedition a failure, while the mighty river murmured a requiem in his ears.

They buried him deep in the forest, but thought it wisest to say nothing to the Indians of their loss, for then they might grasp the fact that the "children of the sun" were not immortal, and it might go hard with the faithful followers. A second thought made them fear, too, that the Indians' keen scent might track the body to its hiding place; so they decided to go in the dead of night, disinter it and sink it in the deepest part of the river. They found a spot about a hundred feet in depth, and at midnight the little party rowed out into midstream, bearing the body, which was heavily weighted with sand. The priests muttered a prayer and the soldiers, with much reverence, lowered all that was left of their leader gently over the boat's side into the river. The water surged over the proud, still heart, and he was carried down, down, fathoms deep, by the strength of the current and the weight of the sand.

After many weary months, three hundred gaunt and haggard men found their way back to Havana to tell the sad story. The Donna Isabella already knew her lord was dead; she pined for him day after day until at length she folded her patient hands and went to join him.

And the river, the "Father of Waters" men call

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it, flows proudly on. Great cities rear their crests upon its banks; great ships ply to and fro; while in his quiet bed, far away from turmoil and traffic, sleeps the hero who discovered it. Not for all his valiant deeds will he be remembered, not for all his wealth nor his splendour, but because his tired eyes looked on this river and his eager hands planted upon its shores the standard of Spain!

CHAPTER VIII

THE OPENING OF THE GATEWAY OF CANADA

IT is pleasant to turn from the ferocity of the Spanish grandees who ploughed their path through the unknown wastes of the New World over the prostrate bodies of writhing victims, to the simple, hardy Breton sailor who pointed the way to Canada. He followed close upon the heels of John Verrazani, the Florentine navigator, employed by Francis I, of France, to seek a passage to Cathay which might turn some of the untold wealth of the Indies away from the coffers of Charles V, of Spain.

Verrazani came of ancient family, and while an experienced sailor, he was unscrupulous enough in his dealings on the high seas to be called a pirate. Francis provided his man with four ships, and he sailed from Dieppe toward the end of the year 1523. A terrible storm drove him back to Brittany with two of his vessels. What became of the other two was never explained, nor why, when he sailed again, he had only one caravel called the *Dauphine*. With this ship he made straight for Madeira, which he

reached in January 1524. From there he sailed for the coast of the unknown world, and the low shore they first sighted was somewhere near Wilmington, North Carolina. He also touched the coasts of Virginia and Maryland, everywhere marvelling at the savages who always came in festive array to meet them.

Verrazani was the first to see the Bay of New York, but unlike Henry Hudson, who followed him nearly a century later, he thought nothing of the vast sheets of water within easy reach. His eyes were opened only for gold, and he thought he saw signs of mineral wealth in the neighbouring hills.

If we can believe the old records, Verrazani followed the shores of Long Island till he reached an island which may have been Block Island, and thence to a harbour which most likely was Newport. The little *Dauphine* made for the rugged coast of New England, going northward as far as Newfoundland. Then, being out of provisions, Verrazani sailed back to France, with still no clue to the passage leading to Cathay and no gold to satisfy the eagerness of those who watched and waited and hoped for great things on his return.

After this, France was in a state of upheaval. No more voyages were spoken of, and there remains little to tell of Verrazani and his deeds. There are three surmises as to what finally became of him. One historian tells us that he went upon another

voyage, and in sight of his followers was killed and eaten by savages. Another says that if this voyage was made at all it was in the service of Henry VIII, of England. Our best authority is the word of a Spanish writer who declares that, in 1527, he was hanged as a pirate at Puerto del Pico, and there seem to be documents to prove this statement. So poor Verrazani does not make a noble exit. He had accomplished little beyond exploring the New World coastline from thirty-four to fifty degrees.

The King for a long time gave no further encouragement to the adventurous spirits about him; he was too busy with his own affairs to spare thought for anything else. But there was among his courtiers and favourites a young nobleman named Philippe de Brion-Chabot, who at one time, being high in his master's favour, held the office of Admiral of France. This gallant had a yearning for discovery; he was anxious to follow up Verrazani's work, and in looking about him for a strong, capable, reliable man, Chabot found just what he wanted in the man from Brittany, Jacques Cartier,— a native of the ancient town of St. Malo, with the rugged nature and the physical endurance bred in that grim buttress.

St. Malo was in truth the nursery of hardy mariners, and Chabot could not have found a better man than this sturdy sailor. He was full forty years of age when he set out from St. Marlo in

April 1534, in search of the elusive Cathay. Cartier steered for Newfoundland, "passed through the Straits of Belle Isle, entered the Gulf of Chaleurs, planted a cross at Gaspé" and pushed on up the St. Lawrence. That was his course, but it took many months and much labour to get there.

The Breton sailors, always noted in the maritime history of the world, did much to strengthen the coming naval power of France. It must be remembered that the great nations in those days had no navies, that in war their bloody victories were gained by hand to hand fighting, and that the ships were but ill-equipped for attack or defence. The trained sailors acquired their skill simply through their natural ability. Jacques Cartier, it seems, stood out from his fellows because of his experience in seafaring. He it was who opened for us the highway into Canada, a mere accident, as usual, in the case of the great discoveries. Cartier all along his route was joyously certain that he was approaching Cathay with the blowing of every favourable wind, and visions of gold and precious stones coloured even his sturdy Breton brain.

He had set sail from St. Malo on April 20th; in twenty days the ships touched Newfoundland — a wonderful voyage with wonderful weather. After that, it turned cold and ice encompassed them on every hand. They were forced to go into a harbour which Cartier called "Saint Catharine" in

honour of his wife, it being the first land he named in the New World. Here the little fleet stayed ten days waiting for the ice to clear away, and Cartier busied himself in fitting up his boats for service. On May 21st, the wind changing, they sailed to what was then known as the Isle aux Oiseaux (the Isle of Birds), now called Funk Island. It was packed around with ice, but Cartier managed to reach the island in his small boats. It was the shelter of myriads of sea-fowl, and the crew secured all they wanted for their use. Men were not the only devourers of these birds; there were bears on the island which swam out to catch the fowls and to eat them upon the sea. The sailors gave chase to a great white fellow and succeeded in killing him, and they found his flesh as good "as that of a two-year-old heifer."

Passing next through the strait of Belle Isle on May 27th, they encountered so much ice that they decided to go into a harbour until the warm weather. It was while waiting, as Cartier himself declares, "to pass on further with God's help," that he made a careful examination of the coast, and his rather queer idea of Newfoundland found its way into the maps of that day. He seemed to think that the whole region consisted of islands which were separated from one another by small channels through which boats could pass. For a hundred years at least these erroneous maps misguided people.

There is a small island at the extreme northern point, called Kirpon Island, and it was in the channel between it and the main island that Cartier had taken refuge.

Newfoundland was deeply indented, and there were fine harbours along the rocky shores, though as Cartier himself says: "there was not one cartload of earth on the whole stretch of coast,"— all rocks on one side, while on the other loomed a mountain range from nineteen hundred to two thousand feet in height. Dark, forbidding mountains they were,— indeed the whole of that western coastline was most gloomy and forbidding.

Cartier has kept a very clear and well-written record of this voyage, and until in their explorations they came in contact with the natives, all went well. It was when they had reached Chaleur Bay, the region which separated the Indians of Canada from the Micmac tribes of Acadia, that they were seen first. Here Cartier found himself in a region of islands, and canoes full of the savages shot into the narrow channels where Cartier's boats had ventured.

The Frenchmen, unlike the Spaniards, were always cautious in their treatment of these wild children of the woods. Their first object was to make friends of them, and the result was that in the dark days of the Canadian settlements there was an unusual understanding between the white and the red

men. In spite of the direful records of wars among the tribes, those whose cause the whites championed were ever faithful allies. Even the Iroquois Indians, ferocious and unmerciful as they were in their warfare,—a menace to all other tribes,—stand forth from the past with a savage grandeur not to be found among the Indians of more tropical countries. The months of cold and exposure, besides, made of the Canadian Indian a lithe, active, stalwart figure, skilled in woodcraft, keen of scent, swift as an eagle.

So, when these first inquisitive Indians tried to surround the little exploring boat, the French being far outnumbered, fired two or three harmless shots which scattered the canoes. The next morning, however, the savages ventured among the ships in their canoes, and convinced the new-comers that they meant no harm. Instead, they welcomed them with dancing and singing and every sign of joyousness. Cartier thought that these childlike people would be easy to convert, though he does not give his reasons why. Indeed, if the discoverers had wasted less time upon this hopeless task and bestowed more time upon hewing down forests and making staunch friends of the dusky tribes, the New World would not have been built upon such gruesome foundations.

At Gaspé Basin, Cartier erected a cross with an escutcheon on which there were three fleur-de-lis,

and in large letters, this inscription: "Vive le Roy de France." Here he met the very first Indians of the Huron-Iroquois stock. They came in the friendliest way to visit the ships — men, women, and children,— and sang and danced in joyous welcome. But they objected to the cross, which seemed to take possession of some of their land. They were fine-looking people, and Cartier got hold of the two sons of one of the chiefs, explaining that he wished to carry them away for a while, but that they would be brought back to their people safe and sound with many gifts for the whole tribe. The two boys, named Taignoaguy and Domagaya, were eager enough to go with the Frenchmen and gladly exchanged their rags for the French dress. Cartier carried them to France and they were useful as interpreters during the next voyage.

Cartier brought his first voyage to an early close, for, though every league he sailed brought some new discovery, the little fleet had not set out prepared to stay the Winter. Though his skilful navigation had carried him by these rocky coasts with but the loss of an anchor, he did not feel like risking the lives of his men in further venture. So after consultation with his captains, pilots, masters, and companions, it was decided that August was the time to turn homeward, before the storms and strong tides set in. On August 15th, they started home through the strait of Belle Isle, and after some

rough weather reached St. Malo on September 5th. The route to Cathay was still a mystery, but the Gulf of the Dominion of Canada had been explored.

To Cartier, standing on the north point of Anticosti on his home voyage, the basin of this Gulf had spread out as far as his eye could reach. Beyond, doubtless, lay the passage to the South Sea, and beyond that even lay Cathay. This voyage could only be the forerunner of another. Now that the right way was found, it only remained for him to sail back to St. Malo and set on foot an expedition for a greater enterprise.

Accordingly, on October 30th, he obtained a commission from his good friend, the Admiral of France, for a second voyage "to complete the navigation in the lands which he had *commenced to discover.*" To do this, Cartier was authorized to engage three ships and provision them for fifteen months. It was only through Admiral de Chabot's great influence that Cartier could obtain what he wanted, for the people of grim St. Malo frowned upon the second expedition as they had upon the first. But Cartier, while genial and social with them all, was not a man to be moved from his purpose because a few petty traders opposed him. He had the greatest faith in his future discoveries, and indeed, as we know, what he *did* discover had a wide influence on the subsequent history of France,—far wider than even the best authorities recognize.

Cartier's three ships were the *Grande Hermine,* of one hundred twenty tons, on which he himself sailed with Thomas Frosmond as master; the *Petite Hermine,* of sixty tons, with Mace Jalobert as captain; and *l'Emerillon,* of forty tons, under Captain Guillaume le Breton. There were a few private gentlemen and companions on the *Grande Hermine.* There are only seventy-four recorded names of those who shipped for this second voyage, but there were many not on the list, including the two Indians whom Cartier was taking home,— making in all one hundred and twelve persons.

When they were ready to sail, Cartier and his whole command received the sacrament at the Cathedral of St. Malo, and the Bishop himself blessed the undertaking. This was on Whitsunday, May 16, 1535, and by May 19th, the expedition set forth. But unfortunately it encountered the very worst weather,— terrible winds, thick fogs and heavy storms. So the ships were swept far apart and did not meet again until July 26th at Blanc Sablon, which he had touched on his first voyage. Here Cartier repaired damages, and then followed the Labrador coast which he found so dangerous that he struck sail every night and waited till morning to go on.

On July 31st, the coast changed in aspect; instead of cruel rocks, they saw a flat and sandy shore. This brought the fleet into more familiar waters

and they were able to pursue their way at night.

Contrary winds drove the ships into a harbour called by Cartier, Havre St. Nicholas, and after staying there for nearly a week he sailed across to Anticosti, where the land began to fall away and widen out. But there were no safe harbours, so he turned back again to the Labrador coast. Here he entered a large bay which he called Baye Sainct Laurens, because he entered it on August 10th, the feast of St. Lawrence. In fact, throughout the New World one sees many capes and bays and headlands and islands named in the same fashion because there is scarcely a day on the calendar which does not mark the birthday or the martyrdom of some saint. Both French and Spanish Catholics delighted to honour them. Gradually the name, St. Lawrence, spread until finally it extended over the whole gulf and river.

On August 12th, the two Indians with Cartier began to recognise their native shores. They told Cartier that a few days' sailing would bring them to the kingdom of Saguenay, and beyond that lay Canada. It is evident these names were well known to Cartier; doubtless the Indians had spoken of them before, for our Breton sailor mentions them in his account quite naturally, as if familiar with them. The two words are Huron-Iroquois, and it is evident that Canada was the native land of these tribes.

The Indians told Cartier he was about to enter

the great river of Hochelaga; that it was the highway to Canada; and that it would grow narrower as they approached that country. This was not what Cartier wanted,— to have his way barred when his main object was to find a passage to the great South Sea, which would lead to Cathay. So he turned the ships around and surveyed the coast on the east side, fearful lest by any faint chance he might have missed the passage. Always Cathay, no matter what beauty of scenery or wonders of discovery, and Cartier, though approaching the great watercourse, thought mostly of that still hidden passage which led to the wealth of the Indies. "On the first day of September," he writes in his account, "we set sail from the said harbour for Canada."

The word *Canada* means a town, and in the Huron-Iroquois language it means any town or village. As Cartier reckoned, the whole region was divided into three kingdoms: Saguenay, Canada, and Hochelaga. Their chiefs were called kings, but they were in truth only what was known as sachems, and their kingdoms were merely vast stretches of hunting ground. Alas for the splendid palaces and the glittering streets of the fabled Cathay! This was all that Cartier was destined to find as he sailed up the St. Lawrence, marvelling at the wonders that were neither gold nor silver nor precious stones.

He touched upon island after island in that wonderful river, and finally came to a group of islands, fourteen in number, which his Indians told him was the division between the lands of Saguenay and Canada. The ships were anchored in the channel between the Island of Orleans and the north shore where Cartier landed, taking his two Indian boys as interpreters.

For the first time Cartier understood the power and the strength of the nation to which these boys belonged. Though he had taken them from the Gaspé coast when he knew nothing of Canada or the great river, yet when he landed on this new and seemingly unknown shore (the present Quebec) and the frightened savages began to flee before him, Taignoaguy and Domagaya told him that these people were all their friends and relatives. Calling them back, they told them their names, whereat there was much rejoicing, many gifts, and a great feasting.

Cartier was visited in state the next day by the "Lord of Canada" who came down the river with twelve canoes and many people. His name was Donnacona and he was a great chief. He came on board the Captain's ship, and heard from the Indian boys the wonders they had seen in France and the kind treatment they had received. These Indians were great talkers, and the Frenchmen were forced to listen to long harangues accompanied by

weird gestures and contortions, and woe to any one who interrupted them. Those who came in contact with these tribes in later days had to learn to endure this talking without showing displeasure, but Donnacona was very friendly because he found Cartier a patient listener.

As soon as all the strange ceremonies of greeting were over and the Indians had left, Cartier manned his boats and started up the river to find a safe harbour. He came upon a very "beautiful and pleasant bay" (the basin of Quebec harbour), with a small river running into it, and here he moved his ships on September 14th, choosing Holy Cross day for the purpose. The little river, therefore, he called the Sainte Croix; to-day it is called the Saint Charles.

Every one knows how beautiful it is around Quebec in September. The great St. Lawrence has here narrowed down until it looks like a shimmering stream. In front of the city is the harbour where the largest ships may ride at anchor; in the distance the blue hills curve around enclosing the city like a vast amphitheatre. All this Cartier saw in its primeval beauty, and in his log-book he speaks with enthusiasm of the rich and fruitful land, of the oaks, the elms, the ash trees, the chestnuts, the cedars, and the hawthorns.

About two miles up the St. Croix river Cartier selected a site for Winter quarters, and a fort was

built here. He docked two of his ships for the Winter, but the smaller one, *l'Emerillon,* he left in the stream, reminding his guides of their promise to go with him to Hochelaga. But a change had come over these young men; they no longer trusted the Frenchmen, and Taignoaguy turned out to be a rascal. He tried to induce Cartier and his people to go unarmed, saying that Donnacona was grieved about it because the Indians never wore arms. Cartier replied that the French always wore their arms at home, as he and Domagaya knew, and he afterwards learned that Taignoaguy was trying to stir up mischief and ill feeling among his people.

All this was patched up later, but the old Chief persisted in his refusal to allow his people to go with Cartier to Hochelaga. Even "black magic" was employed to try and dissuade the navigator, who persisted in his determination and set out with fifty sailors and all the gentlemen companions on the expedition. Soon, the river spread out two or three miles in width, looking more like a sea than a river. They were now in a beautiful country of magnificent trees, and grapes grew in wild profusion. This was the broad highway between Montreal and Quebec, so well known to-day that there is little need to describe it.

There is one place familiar to mariners where the currents are swift and dangerous. It is called Richelieu (from an island there, so named by

Champlain, who built a fort upon it), and to-day ocean steamships time their departure from Montreal and Quebec so as to pass it at high tide. Here Cartier was met by a friendly chief who gave him his little girl for a present, and this child was the only one who survived of all the Indians whom Cartier carried home the following Spring.

On October 2d, the boats arrived at Hochelaga, and more than a thousand people came to welcome them, bringing their children to touch these strangers who were looked upon as sacred. No welcome could have been warmer or heartier. Indeed, in all Cartier's progress there was no suspicion of outbreak, no unfriendly sign. When, clad in their finest, he and his companions entered Hochelaga, all the people crowded around with respect and awe, bringing their sick that the touch of the strangers might heal them. Strange to say there was no priest among these Frenchmen, but Cartier prayed for them in his simple, manly way, and read the story of the Lord's Passion from his own prayer book, and talked of Heaven and made gestures of devotion that the Indians understood in their child-fashion.

Perhaps it was the peaceful beauty of the land around him that inspired the conduct of Cartier. There was true nobility in the rough sailor, and there was also beyond a doubt the royalty of true hospitality in the wild men who listened to him with

so much reverence. In all that wide Canadian land there were no dark records of persecution such as the Spaniards left behind them. Christianity was spread not through terror but through love. The French explorers, without exception, knew how to secure the red men's friendship. Cartier had no guile; he offered his right hand freely and treated his allies with open good fellowship. Champlain was a father to his wondering, ignorant people. Even the proud and haughty La Salle did his best to conciliate them, and the missionaries who early invaded that forest land came in love and with no thought beyond saving the souls of the forest children.

Mount Royal, which overlooks the city of Montreal, made a deep impression upon Jacques Cartier and his people who ascended it. They could see for miles around where lay the mysterious West which they hoped to penetrate, and the Ottawa River which opened out into the Lake of the Two Mountains. The St. Lawrence flowed southwest into Lake St. Louis, while nearer the booming of the rapids could be distinctly heard. Far in the distance their eyes could see the dim outlines of many mountain rages — the Adirondacks of New York, the Green Mountains of Vermont, seeming in the clear October air, much nearer than they really were.

At the foot of the Mountain, Cartier could see the Indian town, with his boats five miles away,

This beautiful level valley delighted him, and it was he who called the place Mount Royal. It still bears its name, which also accounts for the name of the busy and beautiful city of Montreal built around its base. Montreal is a city of many churches, and on the spot where Cartier stood when he read from his Book of Prayer to the wondering Indians stands a stately cathedral. For the first day spent by a white man in Montreal nearly four hundred years ago, with his simple prayers for the welfare of those who listened, is still remembered.

The French turned back to their boats after a day full of pleasant and novel experiences. The Indians parted from their guests with sorrow, and soon the little ship *l'Emerillon* was on its way back to the " Province of Canada " and the " Harbour of St. Croix." Cartier found his crew had been busy during his absence, for they had made a strong fort with heavy logs, quite close to the docked ships, and had mounted their cannon upon it to be used in case of defence.

His Indian friends were glad to welcome him back; but in spite of their pleasant associations the two Indian youths whom Cartier had treated so kindly tried their best to bring about trouble, and the French were warned by neighbouring chiefs to be careful and on their guard.

The Indians had made preparations for the Winter, and for the first time Cartier saw tobacco used,

and described very quaintly how the men filled themselves up with smoke until it poured out of their mouths and nostrils as from a chimney stack. But he had no idea of what a Winter in Canada was to be. The Indians and the French alike were attacked by a disease often brought upon the early settlers by cold, exposure, and poor food. Men died like rats, and those who were left scarcely had the strength to bury their dead. Even then there was no mutiny; all the crews worked shoulder to shoulder with their Captain, and their one object was not to let the Indians know how their ranks had thinned out.

At last, the tide turned. One of the Indian boys, Domagaya, who had been ill, was quite restored by the healing virtues of a tree called *ameda*. An extract was made of the leaves and bark and the effect was miraculous. The extract was given as medicine, and the body was rubbed with what was left after soaking.

"They would never have seen France again," writes Cartier himself, who, strange to say, had kept quite well, "unless God in His Infinite goodness and mercy had not looked upon them in pity, and given them knowledge of a remedy against all diseases, the most excellent that was ever seen or known in all the earth." But this was not before twenty-five of the best among the crew had died of the disease. This tree has been the subject of much discussion,

but it has been satisfactorily proved that it was a species of balsam fir, well known among medicinal trees.

Their ships, which had been shut in from November, 1535, to April, 1536, were overhauled when the Spring came, but there were not enough men left to navigate the three, so *la Petite Hermine* was abandoned and the hull was given to some neighbouring Indians for the sake of the iron.

Meantime, Donnacona, "the Lord of Canada," and Taignoaguy, the treacherous Indian boy, had returned from their long Winter hunt, bringing a large number of Indians back with them,—such a force as to look suspicious, though they might have been merely curious to see the strangers. At any rate, Donnacona acted strangely, feigning illness to avoid seeing Cartier's messengers. So the bold Frenchman acted sharply and quickly; he carried off Donnacona, Taignoaguy, and half-a-dozen other chiefs, and put them on his ships, intending to take them to France. At the same time he secured them as hostages in case harm should befall his own people.

It was a great move, and while a tricky one, it prevented bloodshed and massacre. The chiefs were not treated as prisoners but as honoured guests. Donnacona, who had seen a great deal of the country, was noted for telling many astonishing tales of things he had come across in his adventures. He asserted that in the Saguenay region gold and sil-

ver, rubies and other riches were found in great quantities. He told of another country where the natives never ate, and of still another where the people had only one leg. Cartier felt that he could not do justice to these tales, as Donnacona could, and so he deemed it the wisest thing to bring the "Lord of Canada" to the palace of the King of France and let him tell his own stories.

On May 3d, the ships were ready to sail, and Cartier allowed the leading men of the tribe to come on board and say good-bye to their chief whom he promised to bring back the next year with great presents from the King. It was May 6th, before they were finally at sea, and just two months later, after a prosperous voyage, the expedition arrived at St. Malo and Cartier had the proud distinction of having penetrated to the very heart of Canada.

Cartier's third expedition was not so successful, though it attracted more notice. France was again in a state of upheaval, and Cartier's former patron, Admiral Chabot, was in disgrace. So it was quite five years before another voyage was planned. Meanwhile, Donnacona and most of the chiefs he had brought to France were dead, which was bad news to carry back to the Indians.

When at last the royal commission was given, Cartier found he was not at the head of the expedition. Jean François de La Roque, Sieur de Roberval, was given the chief command, and the ships

were to be manned by convicts,— the very worst crews that could be selected. The experienced navigator was thrust aside, his opinions, his advice ignored, while a landsman, utterly ignorant of seafaring, had supreme power. He was not even well known among the men of his time, and there was always friction between him and the honest Breton sailor.

Cartier was able to leave St. Malo with the five ships in May, 1541, ahead of Roberval, who was to follow later with two other ships. After a tedious voyage they reached their old harbour on August 23d, just three months from the day of sailing. The Indians pressed on board to inquire after their countrymen. They were told that Donnacona was dead, but Cartier thought it wiser to conceal the deaths of the others, and the Indians could only learn that they were married and happy in France.

They pretended great joy at seeing the Frenchmen, but Cartier could feel that it was only pretence; that all the friendship and good-will of these simple people were forfeited by the kidnapping of their chiefs. He was consequently afraid to trust his vessels in the old harbour. He selected a spot now known as Cape Rouge, on the north shore, four leagues above the other, where a small stream falls into the main St. Lawrence. Here he landed his supplies, and put up three of his ships. The other one, manned by his brother-in-law, Mace Jalobert,

and the fifth by his nephew, Stephen Noel, were sent back to France with letters to the King, stating that Roberval had not been heard from and that there were fears for his safety.

Cartier's experiences among the savages were not so pleasant, and his connection with Roberval, who finally arrived, was most unfortunate, while the lawlessness among the motley crews beggared description. Indeed, even before Roberval's belated ships arrived at Newfoundland, Cartier and the remnant of his crews had abandoned their enterprise and were on their way back to France. They met Roberval in the harbour of St. John's, and the commander ordered Cartier to turn back, but this Cartier refused to do. He had fulfilled the King's orders by conducting the expedition to Canada; he would not be dependent on the will of Roberval, who never reached Newfoundland for a whole year after he was due. Besides, he reported, the Indians were hostile and his party was not strong enough to resist them. There was a stormy interview, but Cartier avoided bloodshed by sailing away in the night; he was unwilling to suffer a Winter in Canada under the sway of Roberval.

We might trace much further this opening of the Gateway of Canada, but after Cartier's exit the future pioneers followed the trails he had blazed. To Cartier belonged all the honours of the discovery. He had conducted three expeditions to Can-

ada, and his men, knowing instinctively the strength of the master, gave him willing obedience. There was neither mutiny nor treason in Cartier's crews, and while other great sailors only touched the shores of these new lands, Cartier penetrated to the very heart, and the valley of the "majestic river of the north," the beautiful St. Lawrence, was the spot of gold found by this brave, good-hearted, competent sailor of St. Malo.

The Breton Captain may have been inferior in education and intellect to Columbus, but in private life and public service he could have given the great Admiral many points. True, Columbus showed the way to the New World, and Cartier only followed in his wake, but in mercy, in kindness, and in justice the Breton navigator was far ahead of the Genoese admiral. A kindly humour touched his simple life, and though he had no children of his own it is stated on good authority that he was sponsor at more than seventy baptisms, and many little personal details which we cannot find so readily among the records of other navigators show that the discoverer of Canada was a genial soul when off duty. It must have been this social quality which endeared him to both the white and the red men in the wilds of the New World and made his lightest word a law.

Many great names form the foundation stones of Canada — La Salle, Joliet, Marquette, with the vast

hosts of priestly missionaries. But we are dealing here only with the pioneers, and there are but two who are directly responsible for the making of Canada — Jacques Cartier and his most worthy successor, Champlain.

CHAPTER IX

THE FATHER OF NEW FRANCE

THE hunt for the Northwest passage to Asia had become almost a fable among the adventurous spirits that still haunted the high seas.

The explorer or discoverer, whichever he might happen to be, invariably set forth upon his quest with that hope. To bring back to his country the key which would open the gates of the Indies would be to pour into the coffers of the king untold wealth. Spain had more nearly fulfilled this golden dream. Cortes, it is true, had not found the long-sought passage, but he had invaded and conquered dazzling Mexico, and Spanish navigators had taken possession of the waters roundabout; for the West Indies yielded rich products and the merchant ships made many voyages from Old to New Spain and back again with their cargoes of spices and gold and silver.

The extravagant visions of the adventurers knew no bounds. They carried back marvellous tales of wealth to their homes in Spain, indulging in romantic and riotous dreams. The most impossible

things became facts to their fevered imaginations, even to the extent of sending an old and tried cavalier like Juan Ponce de Leon in search of the fountain of youth that he might bathe in its waters and become young again. This fountain was supposed to be hidden somewhere on the Island of Bimini, one of the Bahama group, and it was also stated that on the neighbouring shore was a river gifted with the same magical properties, believed by many to be the biblical River Jordan.

De Leon found the Island of Bimini, but neither the river nor the fountain of youth. Instead, he struck an unknown coastline farther west, a great virgin land which he called Florida. It was a vast stretch of unexplored region, embracing within its boundaries the country we know to-day as Canada, and the eager voyager sent his dreams beyond the low margin of forest which bounded his horizon, and wondered what rich harvest awaited future conquerors. Cortes and his brilliant exploits were things too recent to be quickly forgotten, and the primeval forests, of which Longfellow writes so beautifully in his " Evangeline," stood there in their impenetrable mystery. What a description our poet has given of them as they appeared in the Acadian days,— days when the white man had blazed his trail through their cathedral depths and the red man lurked in the shadows of the trees!

"This is the forest primeval. The murmuring pines and the hemlocks,
Bearded with moss, and with garments green, indistinct in the twilight
Stand the Druids of old, with voices sad and pathetic,
Stand like harpers hoar, with beards that rest on their bosoms.
Loud from its rocky caverns, the deep-voiced neighbouring ocean
Speaks, and in accents disconsolate, answers the wail of the forest."

And this was the forest which girdled the peaceful forest of Grand-Pré before the English burned the homes of the poor inhabitants and drove them forth to starvation and death in the wilderness.

The Spanish adventurers had begun to usurp everything, and Spain, with her gloomy fanaticism, cast an ominous shadow over the world. But such a power as hers was not to be left undisputed. Both England and France demanded their slice of the New World, and in France particularly there was waging, in the middle of the sixteenth century, a violent religious war,— a fight between Catholics and Huguenots. All this is a matter of history; we only know that the Huguenots, threatening to overrun France, were banished by the Edict of Nantes, and even before then the eyes of the most provident were turned towards the sea and towards those unknown lands where freedom to worship

God was to be the watchword of many a new rising colony.

The rapid growth of this new religion in France was like a tale of wonder. Great names headed the Reformers, and Gaspar de Coligny, Admiral of France, was one of its staunchest supporters, while many of the banished Huguenots found an abiding place in Geneva, and a guide in the great Calvin who was founder of a new faith. All over Europe this new faith was spreading, and more and more, each year, Spain became a Catholic stronghold.

In France the fight was fast turning into bloody warfare, for the unscrupulous Catharine de Medici was ruling her weak son, Henry III, and she did all in her power to check the rising of the Huguenots. But when men fight for their consciences they generally put all their strength into the battle, and many who escaped the fury of the reigning house of Valois were glad enough to take their lives in their own hands and go across the seas. In this way much of our New World was colonised by men and women of indomitable spirit and purpose. That is why the people of New England are so proud of saying: "Our ancestors came in the *Mayflower.*"

It was not that the Pilgrim Fathers were so very great in name or lineage; but they were gigantic in strength and endurance, and those who came after them were proud to possess this Puritan streak.

In the same way, the Canadians boast of the an-

cestors who came over to New France with Pontgrave and Sieur de Champlain. It was not that these two men were so great in name, but they were earnest in purpose, and each in his way did more to establish the white man in this vast impenetrable tract of country than any other of their contemporaries.

Pontgrave was a trader by nature and profession. He came and went between the Old World and the New, exchanging the products of the countries, taking furs and skins from the savages, bringing back stuffs and manufactured articles, and many an adventurer cast in his lot with the bold merchant. When Henry of Navarre became Henry IV of France, there were powerful men at Court who urged upon the King the wisdom of colonising New France.

Aymar de Chastes, an ardent supporter of the new King and one to whom he was heard to say he owed his own salvation and that of France, came to Court to beg a "patent" which was, in other words, a legal grant to settle in New France and to trade there.

The King was ready to give what cost him nothing, and thus armed, de Chastes fitted out two small vessels at his own expense, and formed a company of the most prominent merchants who might otherwise have proved his rivals. Pontgrave, who had been to New France with one Chanoine, a Captain

of the Navy, and had established a fur-trading station at Tadoussac, at the mouth of the Saguenay River, was chosen, on account of his knowledge of the country, to go ahead and explore some of the unknown coastlines.

Just before he sailed from the harbour of Honfleur, a young man bearing a letter from de Chastes arrived upon the scene. This was Samuel de Champlain, a young soldier of fortune, eager for adventure and dauntless of peril, and these two cast in their lots together and sailed for the West. Such strange companions yet such trusty comrades as the years went by! The one a keen merchant, with an eye on the commercial value of things; the other an earnest enthusiast, eager to found a colony, to teach the Indians and make friends of them, to serve God and his King. Such was the Sieur de Champlain, the beloved of his followers, affectionately called by his people, "The Father of New France."

It has been well said that the story of Champlain's life is the story of the foundation of the French Empire in America. He was born in the year 1567 in the little town of Brouage, on the Bay of Biscay. He came of sea-faring folk and had no glorious ancestors to boast about. His grandfather was probably a fisherman; his own father was a captain in the navy; and one of his uncles became a distinguished pilot. So the sea was Champlain's familiar

companion from boyhood and bred in him an amount of courage and confidence which grew with his growth and made of him an excellent seaman.

Besides this, he knew something of fighting, for France was torn by civil war — the Catholics against the Huguenots — and Brouage being a post of some importance was captured and recaptured by one faction or another from the time of his babyhood until he was old enough to bear arms for his country. There is no doubt that a lad of spirit like Champlain was early trained for his country's service. But he was also schooled above the youth of his time, for his accounts of his many adventures have been written in a simple, manly style, which shows both learning and modesty.

He fought at one time for France against Spanish encroachments, and at the close of this war the town of Blavet, in Bretagne, where Champlain was serving, happened to be occupied by a Spanish garrison, and Champlain's uncle was commissioned to escort them back to Spain. Young Champlain accompanied him and managed so well that he was permitted to visit the West Indies as Captain of a ship. He made the most of this chance and was absent over two years, visiting all the islands and Mexico, and his clear and far-seeing eye was the first to point out the possibility of a canal at Panama.

Though he fought against the Catholic League he did so because he was not in sympathy with their

wicked methods. He was a staunch Catholic, yet, while he loved his religion he loved his country better, and fought to save France and to help the dashing Navarre whom he could not but admire. But he never embraced the new faith, and when he took in hand the conversion of the Indian tribes it was with the assistance of the Recollet and Jesuit priests who established missions among the savages. As long as they received kind and fair treatment these children of the forests were tractable, and the religious teaching certainly made them more civilised.

Pontgrave's two little ships set out from Honfleur on March 15, 1603. They had a heavy voyage and continual storms which lasted from the 30th of March to the 16th of April. On May 6th, they approached Newfoundland, and arrived at Tadousac on the 24th, where they were met by a hundred savages who were rejoicing on account of their recent victory over the Iroquois. Champlain became associated for the first time with these Indians, who were to lend such a brilliantly coloured background to his own deeds and to the settlement of Canada.

He had received the King's commission to explore the country, but he found his path beset with difficulties. The land was intersected by rivers and shut in by great lakes, so wild and of such extent that it almost looked as if the ocean had forsaken the coast and crept inland. Indeed it was a land of turbulent waters, and navigation in their frail

craft was dangerous on account of rapids and rocks. Even the Indians were cautious in venturing with their canoes, for the frail things were apt to be caught by some hidden undercurrent and swept to destruction. There is nothing which colours the imagination more vividly than the seething and bubbling of wild waters, and we find Champlain's journal abounding in descriptions of the marvellous. Although he was earnest and sagacious, his mind was highly coloured with romance, and he really believed he saw such a sight as a monster with the wings of a bat, the head of an eagle, and the tail of an alligator which was supposed to haunt certain regions in Mexico. Perhaps his own coloured drawings are responsible for his wild ideas; there were sixty-one of them drawn very much as a child might draw.

But the rough and turbulent waters baffled him, and after Pontgrave had done his trading with the Indians, Champlain was forced to return to France with nothing to show but a few rough maps. There they learned of the death of their patron, Commander de Chastes. But Pierre du Guast, Sieur de Monts, his successor, was quite as eager for the colonisation of New France, and in 1604 we find Champlain in his company, once more on his way across the sea. The Sieur de Monts, in equipping his two vessels for service, retained many of the old company. But his crew was not selected with care,

for besides many trusty men like Champlain, many idlers and vagabonds were taken as colonists, and many Catholic priests and Huguenot ministers found themselves rather too close together for comfort. Consequently there were frequent brawls on the commander's ship, and it is told with horror by a Franciscan friar that on reaching their destination, a priest and a minister happening to die at the same time, they were buried in one grave to see if they could lie peaceably together. However this may be, and however much we might sympathise with the Huguenots in their earnest fight for freedom to worship God in their own way, it was to the Catholic priests that New France turned in her early days.

The Indians, especially those around the present sites of Montreal and Quebec, were a grandly simple and picturesque race. The Jesuit priests and the Recollet Fathers who ventured into the wilderness to teach and convert them, seldom betrayed their trust, and in return these childlike people were willing to be taught something of the new religion. It was slow and difficult work, for the tribes had their legends and their myths and mystic ceremonies, and it was no easy matter to fit them to the miracles in the Holy Church.

But from the beginning of colonisation, the priests had an active ally in Champlain himself. For from the first the savage's unerring instinct knew him as

their friend, and not once during his many adventures did he fail them in their need.

The Sieur de Monts sailed from the port of Havre de Grace on April 7, 1604, followed three days later by the enterprising Pontgrave with his ship of supplies. De Monts — in hunting for a safe harbour when they reached New France,— avoided the cold, bleak shores of the St. Lawrence. He had wintered there one fearful season with Chauvin, but he found at last a sheltered harbour on the coast of Nova Scotia, which he called Port Mouton because a sheep here leaped overboard, and the explorers had to wait nearly a month for Pontgrave and his store-ship. He came at last, having stopped on the way to capture some Basque fur-traders, and then De Monts' ship continued its voyage.

The untiring Champlain spent his time exploring and making charts of all the principal roads and harbours. At last he reached a river near the mouth of which was a little island fenced round with rocks and shoals. He called it St. Croix, a name now borne by the river itself. This spot was chosen as the site of the new colony. It was a most unfortunate selection, though it commanded the river and was well fitted for the defence. It was covered with cedars when Champlain first caught sight of it, but these trees had to be felled to build barracks for the soldiers and houses and storehouses for the

colonists, and by the time this was done the northern end of the island was covered with buildings, and only one solitary tree was left standing.

Champlain having secured, as he thought, an excellent site, hastened back to inform De Monts, whose ship for two weeks had lain at anchor in St. Mary's Bay, sending boats' crews to explore the adjacent coasts. One day a party went to stroll through the forest. Among them was a priest, Nicolas Aubry, who, after walking a long way, stopped for a drink of water from a sparkling brook. In order to stoop more easily, he took off his sword and laid it on the ground beside him; then, his thirst slackened, he hurried after his companions, forgetting his weapon. When he discovered his loss, he turned back to find it and lost his way in the dense forest. In vain his companions shouted and called, running here and there in search of him. Trumpets were sounded and cannon fired from the ships, but there was no sign of the priest. Days passed; Champlain returned with news of Winter quarters, and they were forced to leave the priest, if he was alive, to his fate in the wilderness. In the meantime, it was easy to accuse a Huguenot, with whom the priest had quarrelled, of killing him, and though the man stoutly denied the charge he was not believed, and Aubry was given up for dead.

When the voyagers reached St. Croix, they set to work right lustily to build their Winter quarters,

and after a few weeks, Champdore, one of De Monts' pilots, was sent back to St. Mary's Bay in search of iron and silver of which the voyagers thought they found traces. While he and his men lay at anchor fishing, one of them heard a sound like a weak human voice, and looking towards the shore they saw a strange black object waving on a stick. It was a hat, and rowing to the spot, they found the poor priest who had wandered in the woods for sixteen days, living on berries and wild fruits, a shadow of himself. There was great rejoicing when they took him back to St. Croix. But history does not tell us if they made any apology to the unjustly accused Huguenot.

The little settlement was swept by the bleak winds of Autumn, the howling blasts and drifting snows of Winter. Sheets of ice rushed by, cutting off supplies of wood and water from the mainland. A belt of cedars had been left standing, hedging the island, but De Monts would not have them cut down, for they were a shield against the pitiless north winds. Cider and wine froze in the casks and were served out by the pound.

Disease broke out in the half-famished, half-frozen community. The little cemetery soon began to fill; out of the seventy-nine who took refuge on the island, thirty-five were dead before Spring, and many more were on the very verge of death. Yet among these fainting bodies and disheartened souls

there was one who walked erect and whose courage never faltered, and this was the Sieur de Champlain, whose dream of a colony in New France was founded on an earnest desire not to benefit himself but to do the best for his country and for his fellow men.

De Monts determined never again to winter at St. Croix. All Spring and Summer the French spent in their ships, exploring the coastline farther south. They touched Maine's indented coast, passed Mount Desert and Penobscot River, the mouth of which had been open to fur-traders for many years, the settlement there having been known by the name of Norembega. It was an important point, just as Tadousac was to the fur-traders in Canada.

Indeed, in their own peculiar way these fur-traders did more than the more single-hearted explorers in penetrating the wilderness. Trade is almost an instinct with people, whether civilised or savage, and the new-comers drove bargains with the Indians for pelts and skins. As the white man invariably cheated, the red man soon became both cunning and crafty, and Champlain, in his open-hearted, fair-minded intercourse with them, had much to contend with in the presence of the fur-traders whom the Indians soon began to regard as their natural enemies.

The explorers saw the White Mountains in the distance as they passed southward in their frail little

bark. They held the course by the beaches which are familiar to us to-day as York, Wells, Portsmouth Harbour, the Isle of Shoals, Rye Beach, and Hampton Beach. They entered Massachusetts Bay and gave the name of Riviere du Guast to a river flowing into it, probably the Charles. They passed the islands of Boston harbour, and Champlain himself has left us graphic descriptions of this smiling virgin country, for it was before the coming of the Pilgrims and everywhere was the fulness of summer-time instead of the bleak December which brought the Pilgrim Fathers shivering to the desolate shores. Indeed, on the very site of Plymouth, Champlain describes the Indian wigwams and garden patches that he found there. Of the Indians too, who swarmed at every point, Champlain's account is the most vivid and trustworthy, while his maps, crude as they were, proved an excellent guide to future explorers and map-makers.

But De Monts and his handful of men, after a Summer of exploration, had as yet been able to find no spot for their Winter quarters. They returned to St. Croix rather discouraged, until De Monts bethought himself of Port Royal, an inland harbour across the Bay of Fundy. He had granted it to one of his followers, Poutrincourt, a gentleman of France, and it was reached through Annapolis Harbour by way of a small inlet which, as they entered it, spread suddenly into a broad and tranquil basin,

surrounded by sunny, well-wooded hills, and echoing with water-falls. Poutrincourt was so delighted with the spot that he determined to go back to France for his family and bring them to live there, and he asked a grant of the place from De Monts who, by his patent, owned nearly half the continent.

The grant was made, and Poutrincourt, after having seen his companions as he thought comfortably housed for the Winter at the ill-fated St. Croix, set sail for France, intending to return and settle at Port Royal. It was on this spot that De Monts proposed to find shelter for the coming Winter. Stores, utensils, and even parts of the St. Croix buildings were carried across the bay; the axes cleared the forest, and the buildings of the new colony soon rose. Meanwhile De Monts learned that he had enemies in Paris whose jealousies might wrest his country from him. He was obliged to return to France, but he left the sturdy merchant Pontgrave in command, while Champlain, Champdore — their pilot,— and many other brave gentlemen volunteered to spend another Winter in the wilderness.

The daring handful of men fared better at Port Royal than at St. Croix. It was a sheltered spot, and the Winter, while severe, soon melted into Spring. Champlain was a great lover of nature; wherever he lived gardens flourished, and there were green meadows and clear waters around Port Royal, and fish in the streams, and birds chirped in the

branches of beautiful trees. Champlain and Pontgrave did all they could to keep the little colony together, but provisions were failing and there was no sign of the return of either De Monts or Poutrincourt from France. Indeed, these gentlemen were having a hard time trying to convince people that New France was anything more than a wilderness, a pitiless climate where lurked disease and misery and death.

But though De Monts was forced to stay behind, Poutrincourt bestirred himself with so much zeal that finally after many disasters and disappointments he was able to put out to sea in a ship called the *Jonas,* on the thirteenth of May, 1606, with a most disorderly crew, but accompanied by a firm friend, one Marc Lescarbot, a retired lawyer who ever afterwards was associated with the history and the colonisation of New France. He was a gifted man in many ways; he could write in prose and verse. What it took Champlain many laborious pages to describe, Lescarbot could do in a few bold sentences. One of the best records of the settlement of North America comes from him, and he proved himself equally able to build up a colony when set to the task.

The voyagers were two months on their way, and towards the last they were wrapped in impenetrable fogs while waiting for the welcome cry of land. Then of a sudden the mists parted, the sun shone

forth clear and bright over the fresh hills and forests of the New World, though cruel black rocks lay between them and the land from which came fragrant odours, borne by soft warm winds that intoxicated the new comers.

On July 27th, the *Jonas* passed through the rocky gateway of the Port Royal Basin, but everything was appalling still, until suddenly a birch canoe came cautiously towards them, guided by an old Indian, named Memberton, the famous and faithful friend of the colony. Then a Frenchman, arquebus in hand, came down to the shore, and immediately afterward there was a salute from the little wooden building they called a fort. The ships replied, and trumpets added to the din that echoed to the farthest corner of the forests and hills. When the voyagers landed they found to their amazement that the colony at Port Royal had dwindled to two solitary Frenchmen and the old Indian.

The story was soon told. After waiting for months for supplies and tidings of De Monts or Poutrincourt, Pontgrave became anxious. He had two small vessels built, and just twelve days before the arrival of the *Jonas* he had set out in search of some of the French vessels on the fishing stations. All embarked save two men who had bravely offered to stay behind on guard, and the old Indian chief who, when the ship approached, gave the alarm and roused the two guardians from their dinner. Doubt-

ful whether they were friends or enemies, one ran to the shore with his gun and the other went to the platform which held their four mounted cannon, resolved to show fight if need be.

The new comers brought great joy to the little colony at Port Royal, and there was even greater rejoicing when Pontgrave's vessels entered the harbour. Later, Pontgrave sailed back to France in the *Jonas,* hoping to seize contraband fur-traders on his way. Poutrincourt and Champlain, bent on finding a better site for their colony, set out on another voyage in a badly built vessel, leaving Lescarbot in command at the fort. But they found nothing after all their dangers and hardships, and mishaps. During a stormy night their rudder broke and they had a hair-breadth escape from death. Pontgrave's son had his hand blown off by the bursting of his gun; many of their number had been killed; many were sick or wounded in their encounters with unfriendly savages. On the 14th of November, they guided their helpless vessel with a pair of oars back to the landing at Port Royal, where they were met with great ceremony by Lescarbot, dressed as Neptune, and those under him as Tritons. Neptune greeted the voyagers in good French verse written by himself, and as they entered the gateway they beheld over the arch, the arms of France, and on either side the escutcheons of De Monts and Poutrincourt.

Without Lescarbot's hopefulness and spirit and ingenuity, even Champlain could not have accomplished what he did. The man's genial, fun-loving nature carried them through some very hard times, and it was no doubt at his suggestion that Champlain established at Port Royal what was known as the Order of Mirth (L'Ordre de Bon Temps).

Most bountiful provision had been made for the wants of the colonists through the thoughtfulness and liberality of De Monts and two merchants of Rochelle, at which port the *Jonas* had been laden with supplies.

There were fifteen gentlemen who sat at Poutrincourt's table and these Champlain initiated into the Order of Mirth. Each day a new Grand Master was elected whose duty it was to provide the bill of fare, and so Poutrincourt's table groaned with the good things of the forest, while every man at Port Royal was allowed a daily portion of three pints of wine.

"Whatever our gourmands at home may think," wrote Lescarbot, "we found as good cheer at Port Royal as they in Paris, and that too at a cheaper rate."

During his day of office, the Grand Master was autocrat of the kitchen. When the noontide dinner hour had struck, he entered the hall, a napkin on his shoulder, his staff of office in his hand, the collar of the Order around his neck. He was followed by

the others, each bearing a dish. The invited guests, mostly Indian chiefs with old Memberton always among them, sat at the table with the French, while the warriors, squaws, and children sat on the floor, waiting hungrily for their portion of the feast.

There was also a supper, and when the Winter nights closed in, the Frenchmen and their tawny friends gathered round a roaring fire where the Grand Master resigned the collar and the staff to his successor, pledging him in a cup of wine. Those were great days at Port Royal, and when the Winter snows began to thaw, they saw the grain they had sown the last Autumn already peeping out of the black, oozy soil. Poutrincourt, Champlain, and Lescarbot worked like honest farmers, an incentive to the others, and there was promise in the new land.

But one morning a small vessel anchored before the fort, bringing disastrous tidings. Enemies had been at work in France, and De Monts was deprived of all his rights. Port Royal must be abandoned, for there was no longer money to keep it up. So amid the wailings of their Indian allies they were forced to go. In July, 1607, they bade farewell to the dwellings, the cornfields, the gardens of the prosperous little settlement. Lescarbot went ahead, but Poutrincourt and Champlain remained behind to see the results of their agricultural labours. Then they went in an open boat from Port Royal to

Canseau, where the *Jonas* still lay, and where they met their more adventurous companion. For a few days they gathered raspberries on the islands, and then set sail for France, reaching St. Malo in October, 1607.

Champlain had been away from France three years and a half, and although treachery had spoiled all his work he was still undaunted. The English had already founded their colony of Jamestown and were spreading their dominion rapidly, even encroaching on Acadia on the north. Champlain went at once with his maps and charts to the Sieur de Monts, and gave him an account of all that had happened at Port Royal. De Monts resolved in spite of his misfortunes to persevere and make one more effort to plant a colony, this time by Champlain's advice in Canada. He obtained a commission from Henry IV for the sole fur trade with Canada for one year. Two ships were fitted out at Honfleur. Pontgrave, in charge of all the trading, sailed in one, April, 1608; and Champlain, De Monts' lieutenant in all other matters, left a few days later, after a friendly good-bye to his old comrades.

Poutrincourt was busy scheming to get back to Port Royal. Lescarbot wrote a farewell poem to his friend, who sailed away full of high hopes and desires. He reached Tadoussac, the old fur-trading station of New France, to find Pontgrave already in

trouble with the fur-traders. But Champlain's arrival straightened things out, for he was as just as he was fearless, and fur-traders and Indians alike respected him.

On the last of June they sailed up the St. Lawrence, past high mountains and miles of verdant forest, all as familiar as old friends to Champlain; past little islands which he had explored and named five years ago. At last they came to the "Rock," the high cliff projecting out of the river, in front of which was a strip of rich land covered with walnut trees, so well sheltered by the cliff that Champlain at once seized upon it and there and then laid the foundation of the present city of Quebec. Landing on July 3d, he set one band of workmen to chopping down trees; another band sawed them into beams and planks; another dug a cellar and hollowed a ditch; and still another band hurried back to Tadoussac to bring utensils and stores.

A charm hung over the life of Champlain; a threatened mutiny among his workmen was betrayed and the ringleaders were punished, but the buildings rose in spite of everything. Good, substantial, weather-proof buildings defied the Winter which was coming fast upon them. Champlain's own drawing of these quarters can at least give some idea as to what forethought planned them, and the comfortable curling smoke issuing from the three chimneys makes one think of the huge fireplaces inside.

There was a palisade around these buildings and a moat fifteen feet wide and six feet deep, with an old-time drawbridge, and many other means of protection and defence. During the month of October, Champlain sowed wheat and rye and planted vines in their little enclosure In November the snow began to fall and the Winter closed in upon them. A terrible Winter it was, killing twenty out of the twenty-eight, and though the neighbouring Indians were friendly, the Iroquois, their deadly enemies, were already threatening an attack. So the poor colonists lived in constant dread.

The Spring was slow in coming and dreary enough; four of the eight survivors were ill. But Champlain, whom nothing could daunt, determined to explore the St. Lawrence, and he set out on this memorable voyage from Tadoussac, where he had gone to consult Pontgrave, on July 18, 1609, in company with about two or three hundred Indians,—mostly Hurons, Montagnais, and Algonquins, his sworn friends and allies. But these childlike people wished to see the buildings in Quebec first, and so he had to go back with them for feasting and celebrations, and they started afresh on the 28th, Champlain in a shallop with half a dozen men, the Indians all following in their canoes.

It must have been a pretty sight under the Summer skies to see the broad bosom of the great river dotted with the frail boats. Champlain was intent

on discovery, but the savages were thirsting for the blood of their enemies, and led him on and on into the wilderness in the hope of meeting and fighting the Iroquois. When they came to the mouth of the River Richelieu, they halted for two days' hunting and fishing. Then there was a dispute and half the Indians went home; the remainder went on up the river with Champlain, but at length they came to the Falls of Chambly, which neither the shallop nor the canoes could pass. The canoes, being light enough to be easily carried where paddling was impossible, Champlain decided to send back the shallop and to go on in a canoe, for he had heard of a certain great lake "filled with green islands and surrounded by a beautiful country," and he wished to find it before going back to Quebec. The Indians, too, were anxious for him to push on, for about the shores of this lake lurked the Iroquois.

Champlain proved himself a good friend; he bore with all their customs and celebrations because he knew unless he honoured them they would take him nowhere. They paddled to the beginning of the great lake which bears Champlain's name, and there were such unmistakable signs of the near presence of the Iroquois that every precaution was taken. They lay hidden during the day and used their stealthy paddles by night. The Indians began to have dreams which always preceded a battle,

and at last seeing that a fight was certain Champlain had a convenient dream too. He declared to his allies that he dreamed he saw the Iroquois drowning in the lake.

The next evening they came upon some Iroquois canoes. They were in the heart of the Adirondacks now, and the Iroquois swarmed on every side. There were yells and shouts of defiance, and a battle was arranged for the morning. Champlain had with him only two white men but they were protected by armour and each had his harquebus. They separated, each lying down in the bottom of his canoe so as not to be seen. The allies crossed to the opposite shore and the Iroquois, headed by three stately chiefs, came forth to meet them.

The Algonquins bade Champlain shoot at the chief. He promised to do his best, and they drew aside to let him go first. When he was quite near enough to aim, he stood up and the enemy stopped in astonishment, for he was the first white man they had ever seen. As they bent their bows he fired his harquebus, loaded with four balls, and killed the chief and two warriors. This seemed a miracle to the untutored Iroquois, and when another harquebus was fired from another spot, they broke and fled, leaving their dead and wounded and all their camp stores behind them, while the allies were unhurt. This battle took place near Ticonderoga. Champlain could not prevent the cruelty of the victors,

and his beloved lake was the grave of the tortured bodies of their victims.

The next day they turned towards home. When they reached the Falls of Chambly, on the river Richelieu, the Hurons and Algonquins went their separate ways, and the Montagnais paddled down the St. Lawrence, just touching at Quebec and hastening to Tadoussac, where wives and daughters were waiting to greet the triumphant warriors.

But this raid made the Iroquois tribes bitter enemies of the French. Living in the central and western parts of New York State, they had convenient ways of threatening Canada — by Lake Champlain and the river Richelieu, or by Lake Ontario and the St. Lawrence river. They were fiercer, braver, and better warriors than any other Indians and proved a constant menace.

In August, leaving the little colony at Quebec under the guidance of Pierre Chauvin, Champlain and Pontgrave returned to France to seek further aid in money and grants. Champlain went at once to De Monts, who was at Court. He also had an interview with the King to whom he brought presents from New France. The Sieur de Monts could get little or nothing from the royal favour. But Pontgrave was eager to go back, and Champlain was ready to pass another Winter in Quebec. So all three being of one mind, went to work with energy, collecting stores and supplies.

They were not any too soon. Already, Henry Hudson was crossing the Atlantic on his hunt for the fabled passage to Cathay. The Dutch East India Company had sent him, and his little vessel, the *Half Moon,* had glided into a broad river flowing north, up which he sailed as far as the Catskills. This river was called the Hudson, and this voyage was the beginning of the Dutch settlement at New Amsterdam on the island of Manhattan. So it was well that Champlain went back to protect his slim little settlement from the invading discoverers.

After some delay in getting off from Honfleur, he reached Tadoussac on April 26, 1610, and learned that his people in Quebec had had a good Winter with hardly any sickness. The pleasant relations between the Frenchmen and the allied Indians still continued, and often there was a friendly exchange — some young Indian being sent to the French camp, and a young Frenchman to the Indian camp to learn the customs and the language. This was considered a great compliment on either side.

The murder of Henry IV was a blow to all the French colonists, and Champlain and Pontgrave found it harder than ever to get money and supplies for the struggling settlement. Much time was spent voyaging back and forth between France and Quebec to arrange matters and adjust affairs, and so earnest was Champlain, so eager for the welfare

of those committed to his care, that he well deserved the name they gave him — the Father of New France.

On one of these voyages home, rather late in life, he married a charming young girl, Mademoiselle Helene Boulle, and though she only spent four years in Quebec, some time after her marriage she proved of great help to the Jesuit and Recollet Fathers whom Champlain induced to settle in New France for the conversion of the savages.

In short, Quebec was founded upon the persistent efforts and the rare courage of a handful of brave men, but to Champlain, the full measure of credit should be given. He was constant, he was firm, he was courageous. He had a tender and compassionate heart, was loyal to his friends, and had a high sense of honour, while his memoirs show him to be not only a faithful and sincere historian but a good mathematician and an able mariner.

There are many towns and states in the New World which preserve with honour the names and the memory of their founders, but none have cause to be so grateful as that vast territory of Canada, watched over and protected by its one heroic champion. Twenty times did Champlain cross the ocean in its service. His health had been exposed during days and nights in the open forest; his life was at the mercy of the treacherous savages; yet he passed through all unscathed, and had an influence over the

Indians that no other Frenchman was able to obtain, until his death in the land of his labours.

We might travel on through the long years of his patient government but we could not mark a single lapse from the straight, clear path of duty. In truth, Quebec was founded on a rock, and that rock was the Sieur de Champlain.

CHAPTER X

THE MYSTERY OF THE HALF MOON

A FEW years ago, in September, 1909, the great Hudson River that bears the name of its discoverer had its fête-day. Those of us who were fortunate enough to see the celebration will never forget the wondrous beauty of it all. The fair cloudless days, the shimmering water covered with vessels and craft of every sort, hundreds of them gay with flags and bunting. History was reproduced for us when the little *Half Moon* sailed proudly up the stream. We had but to shut our eyes and our ears to the sights and the sounds about us, to step back with the centuries and imagine ourselves gazing, as did the wondering Indians, at the staunch little bark alone upon the broad bosom of the river, steered by Henry Hudson himself,— just another among the host of adventurers eternally in search of the Northwest passage to Cathay, that fabled land which lured many a mariner to the open sea and is responsible for every discovery in the New World.

How the little *Half Moon* happened to ride at

anchor in New York Bay three hundred years ago is a bit of history, but if Henry Hudson could answer for himself he would say it was all a mistake. He was driven out of his course by storms and the mutiny of his men. He had meant to discover a short passage to China and the Indies, thence to Cathay. Instead, he blundered into the beautiful river. Indeed, none of our sea-rovers ever went forth to discover what they did, except perhaps Balboa, whose set purpose to find the "great sea" of which his Indian allies spoke so constantly ended at last in the discovery of the Pacific Ocean. But even he came over from Spain, like many another soldier of fortune, in search of the gold of Cathay.

Henry Hudson was the second great mariner to make a great mistake, for Columbus with his three caravels had gone forth on the same quest, discovering America quite by accident. So, even though these two men of undying fame failed to find the much desired passage, they *did* discover more than the wealth of the Indies.

Of Henry Hudson there is little personal record, until as a mariner he came forward to offer his services to his country. All we know of him dates from April 19, 1607, when a communion was held in the church of St. Ethelburge, in Bishopsgate Street, London, for the seamen who were about to embark in the "good ship" *Hopewell,* to discover a passage by the North Pole to Japan and China.

Well might prayers be said in those days of peril on the sea, for the "good ships" would not be trusted in *these* days on the most placid of rivers, and these dauntless mariners braved an ocean with all its unknown terrors in barks so frail that only a miracle wafted them across. On this first voyage only eleven men and one boy formed the crew of the little vessel. They were:

1. Henry Hudson, Master.
2. William Colines, his mate.
3. James Young.
4. John Coleman.
5. John Cooke.
6. James Benbery.
7. James Stratton.
8. John Pleyce.
9. Thomas Baxter.
10. Richard Day.
11. James Knight.
12. John Hudson, a boy.

These names with their old English spelling have been handed down to us complete. They are English names, and we further glean that they were all in the employ of the Great Muscovy Company which sprang into existence, as did all the great Discovery Companies since the time of Columbus, for the purpose of discovering a Northwest or a Northeast passage to Asia, where were the supposed riches of Cathay,— as likely a project as the search for the pot of gold at the end of the rainbow! Neverthe-

less, men of brains and brawn lent themselves to the task, and the Muscovy Company boasted some of the best commercial and seafaring names in England.

Sebastian Cabot was the first Governor of this famous Company, founded in 1544, and in the meagre family history upon which we can lay our finger we learn that the grandfather of Henry Hudson, another Henry Hudson, was one of the founders, holding position as first assistant in the Company. The navigator's father, supposed to be one Christopher Hudson, was also connected with the Company for many years, being their agent in Russia, which country had granted them a charter of privileges; he was also made Governor of the Company, holding office until 1601.

It was perhaps through family influence that Henry Hudson, the mariner, was held in such esteem and trust by the Muscovy Company. He made many voyages for them for trading purposes before embarking on discovery. That was usually the way of testing a mariner's skill, and when he had proved his worth he could dare greater deeds across the seas.

We are fairly certain, however, that Henry Hudson was a native of London; that he was married; and that he had two sons. One of them, John, accompanied him on all his voyages and finally perished with him in the waters of the river, which also

bears his name. The name of his wife is unknown as is that of his second son, but we do know that his widow was left in straitened circumstances and asked help for herself and her son from the Dutch East India Company, in whose employ Henry Hudson made his third most famous voyage in the *Half Moon.*

This meagre personal history is all we have. We know nothing of his youthful, boyish tendencies; of what influences touched his life to make him choose a career of hardship and danger. We only see before us the sober figure of a middle-aged bearded man, with a grave, almost sad face. But we know from history, that he was courageous, patient, brave, and far-seeing,— attributes of a fine man as well as a skilled mariner. He was an intimate friend of Captain John Smith, and indeed knew all the other adventurers of his time whose aims were like his own,— to find a Northwest or a Northeast passage.

The little vessel, *Hopewell,* in which this daring handful of men trusted their lives, had proved its seaworthiness ten years before when Sir Martin Frobisher made his last voyage upon it. This famous navigator had not found the key to the great secret, but he at least proved that there were two or more wide openings leading to the westward, between latitude sixty and sixty-three degrees, on the American coast. And this was something to go upon.

The *Hopewell,* with Henry Hudson as master, sailed from Gravesend in April, 1607. For many weeks it coasted around Greenland on the east side, but, encountering that deadliest of foes, the ice barriers, Hudson was compelled to change his course. So he turned back, after consulting his chart, to seek his passage around the north side by way of Davis' Straits. Again the cruel ice-barriers rose up to confront him, and after spending several months in the vain effort to get out of the frozen waters through a new passage, and influenced also by the surly spirit among his crew, he became convinced that what he sought was not to be found in that quarter. On August 15th, the *Hopewell* was once more anchored in the waters of the Thames.

In these icy northern waters they first saw whales, and on his return Hudson gave graphic descriptions of the capture of some of these huge fish, suggesting the establishing of the Great Northern fisheries on the Arctic coast, with headquarters at Spitzbergen. He was thereafter often called " The Father of English Whale Fisheries at Spitzbergen." The only other result obtained by this voyage was that Hudson struck a higher degree of latitude than any of the earlier navigators. The gold from the Indies was forgotten in the cruel blue shadows cast by the snow and ice; in the vigilant effort to steer the small craft safely through the ever menacing danger. The cold was intense, the food none of the best.

The crew, growing surly and restive, demanded a speedy return to the safety of their own harbour.

This was easier to say than to do. But Henry Hudson, being above all a man of sound common sense, ventured no further, for greater than his fear of whales and icebergs, of cold and even famine, was his dread of a mutineering crew.

That was the greatest difficulty which beset the hardy discoverers of our new world. The crews were usually a motley throng of men, lured by the thought of the gold that lured their betters, and watching the Master always with lowering, threatening glances. At the slightest sign of doubt, the faintest faltering, they were ready to spring upon him and tear him to pieces.

Happy the man who could inspire their trust, who had the blithe word and the air of assurance, whatever happened! Columbus had it, and Balboa, Cortes, Champlain, and a host of the French explorers. But Henry Hudson was a man of few words, and was never popular with his seamen. Perhaps he was wrapped up in the little son who kept him constant company, and cared for no one else. However that may be, he was not liked; so when the crew muttered "Turn back," it was either obey or be cast overboard to feed the sportive whales. For himself he did not care, but there was little John to consider, and so he turned.

But Hudson was undaunted, and the Muscovy

Company, still as eager as ever to find a way to China, fitted out the *Hopewell* the following year, trusting to find a Northeast instead of a Northwest passage. Henry Hudson was "Master and Pilot," and there were fourteen seamen under him, including his son. In this company was one Robert Juet, the mate, a man of some education, whose journal, full of vivid descriptions, has added much to the history of Hudson's third voyage which, after all, was the voyage which really counted in the history of the world. This same Robert Juet was the ringleader of the mutineers who finally put an end to the great navigator during the fourth voyage. Juet himself perished of starvation at sea on the homeward course, but he has left behind him many records more or less coloured by his imagination and the lawless spirit of the times. Many of Hudson's crew left records, but Juet's account of the third voyage, and the details of the fourth voyage by one Abacucks Prickett, seem to be the best guides.

This second voyage on the *Hopewell* started on April 22, 1608, from St. Katharine's, London, and steered straight for the Norwegian coast. Here, terrible weather and continuous fogs stopped their progress, but when the fog lifted, with a fair sky above them and the open sea stretched temptingly before them, their hopes were raised.

Yet the further north they went the colder it grew. Many of the crew fell ill from the exposure;

even the ship's carpenter had to give up; but Hudson showed a calm front under all difficulties and through all perils. No one can picture the perils of a frozen sea, with icebergs floating around like grim white phantoms, and a knowledge that a single false turn of the vessel would splinter her in the twinkling of an eye. Hudson was much impressed by the midnight sun, taking many of his observations at that hour. Indeed, he was the first Englishman to see that strange phenomenon and to comment upon it in an extract from his ship's log.

He recorded no less gravely and with absolute good faith that two of the sailors, Thomas Hillis and Robert Raynor, while looking over the side of the ship one morning saw plainly a mermaid who played for a moment on the surface of the sea, and then, with a flourish of her fishy tail, disappeared in the cold depths. Hudson himself describes in one paragraph this land of the " unsetting sun " and the appearance of the " Merrie Mermaid."

" The fifteenth, all day and night, clear sunshine. The latitude at noon, seventy-seven degrees, seven minutes. We held westward by our account, thirteen leagues. In the afternoon the sea was assuaged, and the wind being at east, we set sail and stood south by east and south southeast as we could. This morning, one of our company, looking overboard, saw a mermaid, and calling up some of the company to see her, one more came up, and by that

time she was come close to the ship's side, looking earnestly on the men; a little after, the sea came and overturned her. . . ."

He further tells us that her body — the upper part at least — though as large as a man, was formed like a woman; she had very white skin and long black hair. As she went down into the sea, they saw her tail which was like a porpoise and speckled like a mackerel. The seeing of strange sights in the Northern seas Jules Verne has often described in his wonderful books. They are what is known as *mirages,* and often occur in those dazzling countries of snow and ice. But the simple, uneducated seamen of that day accepted the mermaid as an undeniable fact, and Hudson received their account in the same spirit.

As they neared the coast of Nova Zembla, the water turned a whitish green; whales were sighted and flocks of sea-fowl covered the surface of the ocean. For the first time during the voyage, the little vessel was blocked by the ice,— a treacherous, shifting barrier that closed in about her at every turn. On the ice that surrounded them the crew could hear the roaring of numerous bears, and the sound was not pleasant in their ears at such close range. Seals also appeared in great abundance. So Hudson's cherished hope of passing to the north of Nova Zembla was abandoned; he turned sorrowfully towards the south, hoping that he might find

some other channel which might carry him to the eastern side of the islands.

On June 26th, they were able to approach the land they had been so long skirting, and Hudson sent his mate, Robert Juet, ashore in the ship's boat with the boatswain and four of the men to fill the water casks "and to see what the land might yield that might be profitable." They brought back a curious assortment of things, including whales' fins and deer horns. It was warm on this coast, and the melting snow was running in streams. Green things grew there, for the men also brought back moss and flowers.

The *Hopewell* on this voyage was evidently provided with a small boat, for the men were able to make short excursions from the ship to the coast, and to venture into some of the narrower streams where the vessel could not go. The oozy ground of this new land bore the footprints of many wild animals, and wild fowl abounded in such numbers that the shore was called the Goose Coast. Quantities of driftwood was also found, probably carried by the Gulf Stream to these islands in the Arctic circle,— over a distance of thousands of miles!

On the morning of June 29, Hudson ordered the boat manned, and there being no wind the crew had to use both sails and oars. Hudson, always eager for the hunting of wild animals, wished his men to track some walrus herds, or "morses" as he called

them, an ancient name for sea-horses. He wrote in his log on the 30th:

"Calm, hot, and faire weather; we weighed in the morning, and towed and rowed, and at noone we came to anchor neere the ile aforesaid in the mouth of the river, and saw very much ice driving in the sea. . . . At the island where we rode lieth a little rock whereon were fortie or fiftie morses lying asleep, being all that it could hold, it being so full and so little. I sent my companie ashore to them, leaving none aboord but my boy [his son John, probably] and me. By means of their neernesse to the water, they all got away save one which they killed and brought his head aboord; and ere they came aboord they went on the iland which is reasonable high and steep. They killed and brought with them a great fowle whereof there were many, and likewise some egges, and in an houre they came aboord. This ile is two flight shot over in length, and one in bredth."

A flight-shot according to Hudson's measurements meant a shot from a cross bow or the flight of a shaft from a long bow, which would be between five hundred and a thousand feet,— a cross bow carrying twice the distance of a long bow.

Hudson was evidently a keen sportsman and his journal is full of descriptions of various wild animals. He encouraged his men to hunt the walrus and wild fowl, and the whales he saw in great numbers roused his enthusiasm, for his far-seeing practical mind grasped the importance of these fisheries.

But try as he might, he found no way of getting out of those shoals and shallows girdling innumerable islands,— some real, some mere tricks of the rare atmosphere and the Arctic lights — save by turning back; forward he could not stir. The Summer, too, was passing, and at length he was forced to own himself defeated. Toward the end of July he dropped down the Norway coast, coming again into the land where the shadows fell at sunset. Doubtless the rough seamen were glad to get out of the light of perpetual day!

Of what the small boy thought of all these wonders there is unfortunately no record. One can fancy the lonely child with no playmates save the surly and often unfriendly sailors and with no real companionship save that of his grave and often silent father. Poor little unsung hero, doomed from the very first to share his father's watery grave! And we never know anything about him except that *John Hudson, a Boy,* was written in capitals on the list of the ship's crew, and that he sailed away with his father and the other unfortunates into the great mystery of the yawning bay that engulfed them.

He was quite old enough to be of some small service on the ship, for he was twelve at the first sailing, and each of the four voyages marked the milestone of a year. Old enough, too, to share the hopes and fears of his anxious father. The pity of

it is that some of his boyish feelings are not recorded! Perhaps he could not write; the very young were not taught what was then considered a fine art, though on the other hand the long days with his learned father must have been spent in some sort of study.

There is no doubt that Henry Hudson, being a brave man, would have continued to explore these Arctic regions, but his clear judgment perhaps detected menace in the grudging obedience of his crew who wished to return. For he wrote on August 7, 1608:

"I used all deligence to arrive at London, and therefore now I gave my company a certificate under my hand, of my free and willing return without persuasion or force of any one of them." He added further, "But now, having spent more than half the time I had, and had gone but the shortest part of the way by means of contrary winds, I thought it my duty to save victuals, wages, and tackle, by my speedy return, and not by foolish rashness, the time being wasted, to lay more charge upon the action than necessity should compel. I arrived at Gravesend the sixth and twentieth of August."

The Muscovy Company was much disheartened over what they considered a second failure to find the longed-for passage. They lost sight, for the moment, of the impetus Hudson had given to the fisheries along the northern coast, and they were unwilling to risk another trial which the navigator

demanded. They had the greatest respect for his nautical skill, but his discoveries as yet had brought nothing of value to their coffers. The world, however, knew nothing of this. For very natural reasons these great Discovery Companies kept their gains and their losses a profound secret from the trade, and England above all things wished to keep her plans and schemes a secret from her greatest rival, the Dutch East India Company, which was already beginning to take notice of Hudson's prowess. There was always jealousy between these two companies, and each did everything in its power to prevent the ascendency of the other. So, when the East India Company found that Henry Hudson was not preparing for a third voyage, he was invited by that powerful body to visit Holland and discuss an expedition in their service.

In the Winter of 1609, therefore, Hudson found himself in Holland, most courteously treated. He has often been blamed for selling his services to the Dutch, but it has been recently proved that the employment of Englishmen by either the merchants or the government of Holland was not an unusual thing. Besides, Hudson was a man of family and had his living to make. Sea-faring was his profession, but the Muscovy Company would not employ him. So he was forced to turn where his services were requested.

Amsterdam was the chief rallying place of the

Dutch Company, and the English mariner faced a notable gathering of merchants, most of them very princes of trade. Among them was one Peter Plantius, a minister of the Reformed Church, Flemish by birth and a great traveller. He became Hudson's most powerful ally during the seemingly interminable discussions. Jodicus Hondius was another friend whose influence was exerted in Hudson's behalf, and he also acted as interpreter.

But unfortunately, or perhaps fortunately as it turned out, the Dutch, with their proverbial slowness and caution, wished to defer their decision for a year. They treated him courteously, offering to pay his expenses for his visit to Holland but leaving him most uncertain as to the future. Henry Hudson, however, did not leave Amsterdam. One of his new friends, a merchant named Isaac Le Maire, and once a member of the East India Company, seeing how matters stood, approached him with a well-planned scheme to get into the employ of Henry IV of France.

That monarch was doing all he could to further France's interests across the seas, and already Champlain and the other pioneers were cutting their way through the primeval forests of New France. So, if the matter was properly conducted there was certainly no reason why Hudson should not serve the French instead of the Dutch.

Le Maire, no matter what his motive, lost no time

in carrying the whole story to Pierre Jeannin, Henry's trusted councillor and his representative at The Hague. And Henry was eager to claim Hudson's services, for in spite of his friendship for the people of Holland, he envied them the giant trade they had built up. Soon, negotiations between France and the much desired mariner were established. In the meantime the Dutch representative in France got wind of the affair and stirred the sluggish minds of the East Indian Company as well as the States General of Holland, for the merchants and the rulers were bound in their common interests.

The Company recalled Hudson, and all their ponderous discussions were set aside in face of this new rival looming on the horizon. In an incredibly short time the contract was drawn up and preparations were made for the important voyage. In this Dutch paper the navigator was called *Henry* and not *Hendrik;* so there is no foundation for using any other than his English name. This important document agreed to pay him the equivalent of $320 for his outfit and for the support of his wife and children, and in case he lost his life his widow was to receive $80 in addition to this sum.

The ship which was fitted out for Hudson was named the *Half Moon,* and those who saw its reproduction in the celebration a few years ago can readily imagine how very small and frail it was to undertake so perilous a voyage. It was what was

called a Vlie-boat,— a boat built especially for trading purposes. The name comes from the island of Vlie or Vlieland, lying at the entrance of the Zuyder Zee. These boats were built with almost flat bottoms and were very light craft. How the *Half Moon* managed to escape destruction in her voyage from the Arctic circle to the shores of the upper Hudson is a never-ceasing marvel. No wonder the simple Indians along the American coast thought that Hudson was the Great Spirit come in person to visit his children, so wraith-like was the little ship upon the broad bosom of the waters! When we calculate that an ocean steamer is seven hundred and ninety feet long and that the *Half Moon* measured not quite seventy-five feet, we can at least have some faint idea of the risk taken by the mariners whose knowledge of sea-faring was primitive compared with that of the ordinary seaman of to-day, and whose nautical instruments were poor and rough.

On April 4, 1609, Henry Hudson in command of the *Half Moon,* with a mixed crew of Dutch and English, eighteen men in all, set sail from Amsterdam. After two days in the Zuyder Zee, he passed the island of Texel and sailed up the Norwegian coast. On May 5th, he rounded the North Cape and once more he saw the midnight sun. Here for two weeks he struggled, not only against the ice barriers but against something more dreadful still — the mutinous spirit of his crew. Many of these

men had been with him before, and knowing the menacing perils they refused to go farther. Once again Hudson was forced to turn back, but he determined to win success somehow. Although his instructions from the East India Company were strictly to find a *northeast* passage, he determined since this had been found impossible to do what he could to find a *northwest* passage. There were two routes for this — one by way of Davis Strait, discovered by John Davis in 1584; and the other one was to sail to the coast of America somewhere about the latitude of 40 degrees.

Captain John Smith, his great friend, had suggested this idea to him in recent letters, believing as did many at that time that "there was a sea leading into the western ocean between New England and Virginia." No one, not even the most learned geographer of his time, had any idea of the breadth of the American continents, and North America was believed to be as narrow at the point described by Smith as at the Isthmus of Panama. They little dreamed that these continents were blocking the way to Asia, and we of the United States are doing now what the early explorers would have done had they known — making a short western route to the East across the Isthmus of Panama. Could all the dead heroes who lost their lives in the effort only wake up for a short space to see the splendid work on the big Canal,— what a jubilee there would be!

After much discussion with his crew, the American coast was decided upon. Two months later, July 18th, the *Half Moon* was anchored in a harbour on the coast of Maine, to make a new foremast, theirs having been broken in a recent storm. This was probably Penobscot Bay; into it ran a large river, and the shores were covered with immense pine trees. To reach this shelter, Hudson had steered across the Atlantic as his predecessors did. Stopping at the Faroe Islands to fill their casks with water, and feeling their feet once more on firm land, however wild and craggy, the seamen became more reasonable. Later, when he reached the banks of New Foundland and saw in the distance the French fishermen along the banks, Hudson further pacified the crew by giving them a day's fishing, and they made a glorious haul, catching between one and two hundred cod.

It was in this harbour that they first came in contact with the savages who were disposed to be harmless and friendly. At first the sailors treated them with decency. The Indians, who had come in contact with the French traders, could speak several words in that language, and brought them furs of fine quality which they traded for articles of dress.

But after a while the sailors grew distrustful; a few petty thefts of the Indians, a little shrewdness and cunning in striking a bargain, roused all the evil passions of the white men. Hudson alone was

kind and considerate, but the Master had yielded too often to his sailors' threats to be able to influence their behaviour to these simple natives. Therefore, when a dozen of his men drove the Indians from their homes with muskets, and pillaged and killed when they could, he was powerless to prevent the evil. The moment he could, he sailed out of the harbour, fearful of the vengeance of the outraged savages.

Hudson took a southerly course from Penobscot, sighting presently Nantucket and Martha's Vineyard, and going nearly as far as the mouth of the Chesapeake Bay. He had some idea of hailing Captain John Smith in his settlement further down the coast, but it is probable, remembering at the last moment that he was sailing in the Dutch service, he thought a meeting with his English friends might not be so pleasant. He had enough ills to bear on his own ship to get himself into any further complications. So he turned north again, and on the 28th of August,— a hot, sultry day,— they passed what is known as Delaware Bay, and saw the shores stretching away to the northwest. They also saw land at the northeast, the upper point of the bay which is known to us now as Cape May.

As the *Half Moon* entered the bay, the little vessel encountered shoals and shallows, and Hudson was convinced that some large stream flowed into it. But it is one thing to take a vessel straight over

a tried course as we do nowadays, and quite another thing to feel one's way over an unknown body of water, groping from one shallow to another.

For two or three days the *Half Moon* kept up her uncertain explorations, and finally Hudson, being unable to find any strait through which he could pass with safety, left Delaware Bay and again stood out to the North. At daybreak on September 2d, he saw in the distance the low sandy beaches of New Jersey, which we know to-day as Long Branch, Seabright, and Midland, relieved by the highlands of Navesink that loomed to the northwest. "It is a very good land to fall in with," writes Juet, "and a pleasant land to see." Indeed, any land was good to those sea-weary men.

By five o'clock in the afternoon they had reached New York Bay, and then with the fair, broad, unknown stream stretching interminably before them, the mariners on board the little *Half Moon* began one of the most notable voyages in history. Where Hudson landed is even to-day a matter of conjecture which has passed into tradition. Some say the landing was at Coney Island; others maintain that the "high and pleasant land" described by Juet was Staten Island; and there are many other surmises. But of one thing we are certain,— the weary crew of the *Half Moon* had discovered "a good harbour, clear water, fine fishing," and a hearty welcome from the wondering natives on the shores.

There was always, in Hudson's attitude towards the Indians, a friendliness which disarmed suspicion. But distrust was the watchword of his crew. The very moment danger no longer threatened them from the sea they began to look for trouble elsewhere, and there is no doubt that their behaviour in this new land at the very mouth of the great river which they had not yet seen was no improvement on that in Penobscot Bay.

However that may be, John Coleman, one of the English sailors commanding four other seamen, was sent in the ship's boat to sound, and probably he passed through the Narrows, going far enough to discover the upper bay or harbour of New York which they described as an "open sea." They were coming back to the ship with the good news when, according to their account, the savages in two canoes attacked them ruthlessly, and John Coleman was killed by an arrow piercing his throat. Two of his four companions were severely wounded, but the other two fought for their lives, their wounded companions and their dead leader, racing as best they could towards the *Half Moon,* until the darkness mercifully covered their escape.

Terrified by the dread shadows of the night, not knowing what dangers lurked ahead of the thick masses of foliage they passed, not knowing where they were, nor where was their ship, and ignorant of the fact that the primitive Indian hated to fight

in the dark, these poor men must have endured untold terrors as they drifted forlornly until morning. Even when the sun was up, it took them long hours to reach the *Half Moon,* so spent were they with the struggle.

Of course this mishap aroused much bitterness among the crew, and even Hudson felt keenly the loss of one of his most faithful sailors. They buried the dead man on shore, upon a point which was named in his honour, "Coleman's Point," figured on the Dutch maps on the end of Sandy Hook.

Washington Irving has preserved for us many humorous and graphic accounts of this first coming of the *Half Moon* into the unmolested waters of the "Great River of the North."

To the simple, wondering creatures who descried the form of the vessel on the horizon-line came a mingling of wonder and terror. It first suggested an enormous bird unheard of before on that coast. The Indians, believing in signs, thought this a bird of omen. As it drew nearer, it looked more like a wigwam perched upon a gigantic canoe, and the whole, growing larger and larger as it came nearer, must be the home of the Manitou, the Great Spirit which they worshipped. Curiosity as well as fright held them spellbound in their own canoes, but at last they paddled with all their might for the shore, gave the alarm, and roused the people on the Island of Manhattan. And so when the *Half Moon* came

to anchor, all the population of primitive New York City assembled upon what we know now as the Battery to bid it welcome.

Hudson, clad in scarlet, so the story runs, put out in his small boat for the shore, accompanied by many others not so gorgeously dressed, but regarded by all as inferior gods attendant upon the Supreme Manitou. The Indians were also in gala finery.

Hudson landed in state; there was taken from his canoe a keg of rum, and it is supposed a silver drinking vessel into which he poured some of the fiery stuff. He took a sip, and saluting the company passed it on to the chief nearest him, who smelled of it and passed it on, and so it went round the circle until it came to the last man who faltered and finally, after a long harangue, lifted the cup and drank every drop. There was enough liquor there to make ten men quite drunk, and this one man sank to the earth in a stupour. His terrified companions crowded around thinking him dead, and had they not regarded Hudson as an awe-inspiring and terrible deity they would have made short work of him and his crew. But the Indian recovered, so tradition tells us, and was so pleased with the rum that he begged for more, and the other chiefs clamoured for some, and soon they were all intoxicated, much to the amusement, though really to the shame, of the white men. It was soon found that

rum could demoralise these simple people, and advantage was taken of that fact to wrest lands and furs from them which they never would have yielded when sober.

Much time might be spent in telling of the dealings of the white men with the Indians, and perhaps we might then understand why they became bloodthirsty savages — a terror to the creeping civilisation of the New World.

But we are following Hudson out of the bay into the broad river that stretched as far and farther than the eye could reach. All during the month of September, they lingered in these waters. On the twelfth, from Juet's journal, it is conjectured that the *Half Moon* anchored in the upper part of the Narrows. At two o'clock Hudson crossed the bay and entered the river, anchoring again about the foot of Forty-second Street; the next halting-place was just above Grant's Tomb, a land of unbroken forest and gigantic trees coming down to the margin of the river, with a similar forest on the western bank (the Jersey coast). Looking south, the great navigator saw stretching before him what has been called the most beautiful bay in the world, and toward the north he saw the unbroken line of the Palisades.

One of his biographers tells us that "somewhere between the ragged heights of Weehawken and the commanding slope of Fort Washington, on the

morning of the thirteenth of September, 1609, Henry Hudson stood on the deck of the *Half Moon* and knew that though the fates had warred against him, though the course that he had engaged to sail had not been accomplished, though he had come thus far only by the fickle favour of a mutinous crew, though he was master of his vessel only in name, yet he had not failed. . . . Hudson knew, what his biographers should have discovered long ago, that he was no longer looking for the promised passage; he abandoned that search for the time being, when he compromised with his rebellious people. What he was trying to do was to make his defeat spell victory, and the fact that he succeeded shows that his wisdom, perseverance, and tact were unexcelled, even by his courage and devotion."

Through many interesting adventures the vessel continued the ascent of the river, about as far as the present site of Albany. On October 4th they turned back, having gone as far as fifty leagues, and put out to open sea on the return voyage. They were short of provisions, so the Dutch mate advised that they winter in Newfoundland and search for Davis's nothwestern passage. Hudson, who secretly feared his mutinous crew, did not wish to stop, for many of his men were ill. It was evident that they did not wish to return to Holland, for fear the Master would tell of their behaviour, and he, understanding this, proposed to sail for Ire-

land where they could spend the Winter and decide what to do.

Whether intentional or not, however, the *Half Moon* reached the English instead of the Irish coast, landing at Dartmouth one month after leaving the North River,— pretty good time for a helpless little vessel in a big choppy sea! And no doubt Mrs. Hudson and the little Hudsons, whoever they were, said "God be thanked" when they got their own back, safe and sound.

From Dartmouth, Hudson communicated with the East India Company. The English forbade either Hudson or the Englishmen of his company to leave their own country, but compelled them to serve England. For a long time the Dutch made no effort to claim their discovery; indeed, not until long after Hudson's death did they make any effort to claim their possessions on the shores of the great river.

Of the fourth voyage — that last fateful one of the great mariner — a whole tragedy might be written. With a poorly chosen crew and with the vicious company of a notorious rascal named Henry Greene, whom Hudson took in the hope of reforming, it is small wonder that this crew became even more demoralised than any of the others, and Robert Juet, his companion and mate during two previous voyages, soon became one of the most

dangerous spirits on board the good ship *Discoverer* or *Discovery,* as some historians have it.

It would take too long to follow this vessel in her disastrous course. With two firebrands in the ship's company, it is a wonder that the Master's life was spared as long as it was. The ship *Discovery,* which was fitted out by Sir Thomas Smith, Sir Dudley Diggs and others, sailed from London in April, 1610. At the very beginning of the voyage there was trouble, for Hudson wrote on April 22d, when he was still in the Thames waters, "I caused Master Coleburne to bee put into a pinke, bound for London, with my letter to the Adventurers imparting the reason why I put him out of the ship." Most of the account of the troubles was written by Abacucks Prickett, a man of little courage, who made no stand with the Master when trouble came, but who posed as a friend to all sides.

On June first, a start was made for Greenland, but the coast was encumbered with ice, and by July they were battling with ice upon "Desolation," a point at the southern end of Greenland. Hudson also touched Labrador for the first time, and still battling with fields of ice he made his way slowly westward towards the new world and the great bay to be named after him, and where he was to close his life.

It is impossible to describe the numberless dis-

putes which led to the mutiny. One circumstance is notable. Juet was deposed from his position as mate, and another appointed in his place. Then they were hemmed in at every turn by the treacherous ice, and it is a well known fact among modern explorers that nerves go to pieces in the Arctic. The ignorant seamen of Hudson's day were nearly crazed and became more like beasts than men. Discontent stalked abroad; hatred of the Master, hatred of each other, petty squabbling among themselves, helped to bring on the tragedy.

The end came in the Spring of the following year. When the ice broke up about the middle of June, Hudson sailed from his Winter quarters a short distance into Hudson's Bay. Here the ice caught and held them. Their provisions were giving out and there was nothing to be found in that desolate region. With the coming of hunger came also the mutiny which had been secretly planned through all the Winter months of cold and gloom, headed by Juet and Greene.

They were to put the Master and all the sick men and the Master's little son into the frail shallop they had with them, give them a bare quantity of provisions and a few utensils, and turn them adrift in the open bay to die of hunger or be crushed by the ice — there would be no way of escape!

And this was done. Hudson was overpowered, bound, and thrown into the shallop, and with him

his son and seven others more or less disabled by sickness. Then they were cut loose from the ship's stern and left to their fate, while the mutineers made their way homewards to tell the tale as best they could. It is some comfort to know that Juet died on the way from starvation, and that Henry Greene, the other ringleader, was killed in a fight with the savages.

But of Henry Hudson no more was heard. We can only picture him as a great artist has done for us, sitting calm and undaunted, his son at his knee, the sick about him, the icebergs looming near, and on his still face a look of prophecy. And so, doubtless, the waters closed over him, but he was never forgotten. His name is perpetuated along the whole course of the beautiful river, and the great frozen bay, noted for its fur trade, owes its undying fame to the fact that beneath its icy waters Henry Hudson sleeps.

. . . . . .

So the Treasure Seekers at last gave up the hunt for Cathay. After Hudson's voyages the breath of trade blew from sea to sea; the pioneers had opened the great water ways and the merchantmen chased away the romance of discovery. There were many who still believed that the pot of gold could be found at the end of the rainbow, that Cathay still existed — hidden from the ken of man. The buccaneers and pirates flaunted their black

flags and scoured the seas — but still no fabled land! Perhaps some day when the great Panama Canal begins its active work in the world's commerce, some bold navigator may find those riches of the Indies at its terminus, and perhaps then the Cathay that lured so many to death and ruin, with its deceptive glitter, may take its rightful place among the myths of the past.

THE END

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